

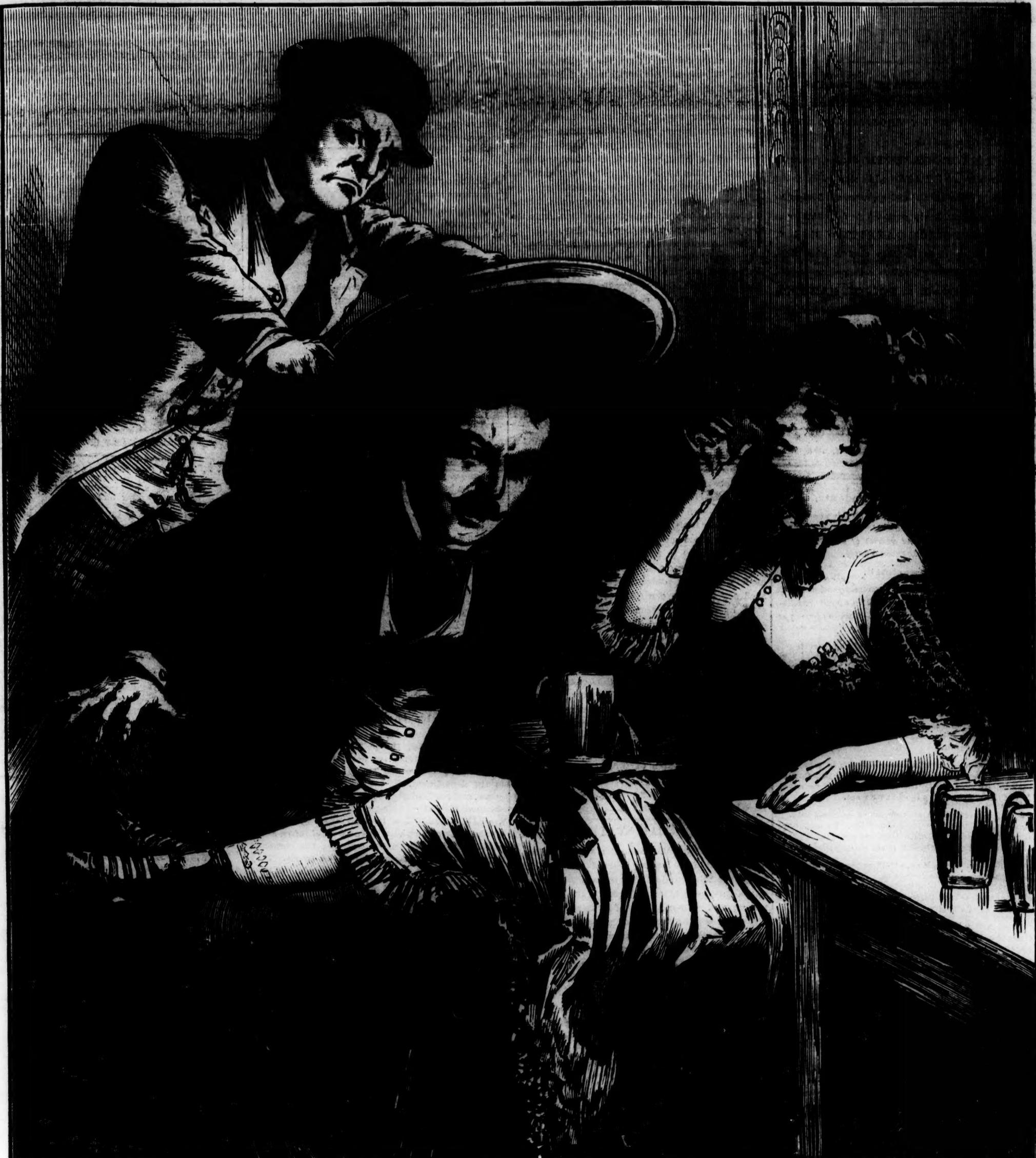
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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF SPOKEN AND WRITTEN SENSATIONAL EVENTS

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WHY THE ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN OFF—A SUCCESSFUL SUITOR DISCOVERS HIS "OWN AND ONLY" IN THE COMPANY OF HER "FIRST COUSIN"
ENJOYING A WHIFF OF TOBACCO AND A "FEW SWALLERS" OF BEER; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 6.



The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

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All Letters, Checks, &c., should be PLAINLY addressed to RICHARD K. FOX,

Publisher POLICE GAZETTE,

183 William Street, New York.

P. O. Box 40.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of every artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

J. L., Troy, N. Y.—Will see about it.

B. B., Trenton, N. J.—We have no information on the matter. You had best consult a lawyer.

T. C., Lockport, N. Y.—Poem decidedly "tuff." Lay low if the tool-catcher happens your way.

C. T., Cairo, Ill.—The greater part of the interview is false, as will be proven shortly in the GAZETTE.

W. M., Freeport, Ill.—Communication of no use. Take lessons in composition, and wrestle with a spelling book for a couple of years.

M. J., Indianapolis, Ind.—A person who bets on election previous to voting loses his vote—that is, if no one sees fit to challenge him, and prove that he has wagered money on the result.

W. S. F., Baxter Springs, Kan.—Will try to give your sketch a piece. Will be pleased to have you furnish material for good, lively illustrations—something novel, full of life and sensation is what we want.

J. B., Marvin, O.—A *nom de plume* alone signed to a communication will receive no attention. We must have some guarantee that contributions are genuine. Failure to comply with this rule adds to our waste paper stock.

J. S., Williamstown, Mass.—Send on the portraits of the ladies mentioned in stage costume. We will make use of them. Correspondents in various parts of the country are requested to send portraits of local favorites, famous in either dramatic or sporting affairs.

SOLDIER, San Diego, Cal.—No, decidedly no. The POLICE GAZETTE of New York has no connection with any police paper published in America. Will you and all your comrades remember that this paper is printed in New York city, and published by Richard K. Fox, 183 William street, N. Y.

J. M., News Dealer, Detroit, Mich.—Will you and every news dealer in the United States make a note that the POLICE GAZETTE is published in New York city, and not confound this paper with imitation papers? Address your letters plainly to POLICE GAZETTE, New York city, and they are sure to reach us.

JOHN, Boston, Mass.—We are sorry that circumstances over which we have no control obliges us to tread on your corns. We must have hurt badly to set your prevaricating mill in motion. You're foolish; that won't help the case, at all. However, we'll keep the mill well greased for you by showing you how foolish it is to be an imitator.

POLICE OFFICER, Boston, Mass.—The NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York was the first paper of its kind published in America and is undoubtedly the best illustrated police and sporting paper in the world at the present time and has no connection with any paper who tries to imitate it. Send us the photo mentioned. Be careful that you address all letters in future to the publisher, Richard K. Fox, 183 William street, New York.

PROTECTION FOR FOOLS.

The fullest liberty may not be incompatible with the most perfect phase of human nature and society, yet when liberty runs into unrestricted license—especially a physician's license—it should be restricted by an iron hand. This premise needs no process of formal syllogism to prove its logical force.

In the matter of the bogus doctors turned out from so-called medical colleges in Philadelphia, the GAZETTE has heretofore done the several states some service in pointing the moral and boldly requesting the legislatures to adorn the tale. In one instance the advice of the GAZETTE has been followed with salutary effect, resulting in the quelling of at least one phase of the medical terror.

Four weeks after the GAZETTE advised such action, the Legislature of Illinois appointed a commission of three reputable physicians empowered to subject to critical examination all specialists in diseases who might make their way to the state and set up claims to the privilege of dealing with human life through the medium of drugs, electricity or what not.

It is the province of the GAZETTE to unearth a series of frauds of this nature in various lines of life and phases of society; but among them all none is more criminal than the bogus physician dodge. It behoves the legislatures of the various states of the Union to take prompt action in this respect, and to quell a danger that is worse even than the poor man's "wolf at the door" or the footpad who meets you on the highway and wrenches your purse from your hand. In the latter case, at least, you have a chance to defend yourself; in the former you are lulled into a false security, buoyed up by false hopes and conducted by the specious pleas of quackery unto the gloomy shades of the tomb in a rosy state of beatitude up to the very last spasm of poor mortality.

That the state governments wink at these and other frauds devised to prey on the health, lives and property of the poor and credulous is sufficient proof to the illogical and credulous that they are good and worthy of existence. Else, argue they, the aforesaid frauds would have been snuffed out by the firm and honest hand of the law; therefore the public closes its eyes in thorough confidence in the legislative guardians it has chosen, and confides itself blindly to all sorts of swindlers—men who relentlessly prey on their health, their lives, their fortunes.

The GAZETTE is not so far committed to Darwinism, however, as to agree that in the matters of human life and social being the principles of the modern scientist obtain with unimpeachable accuracy. On the contrary, it is determined to show by the nature, ramifications and profits of certain notorious frauds that the "fittest" are not always those that "survive" and prosper in the greatest degree.

With the patent fact before them that there exist ignoramuses and simpletons who are eager to fall into the nets of wily frauds of every degree, it becomes the duty of the chosen lawmakers and guardians of the people to make such enactments as will give them the fullest protection against quacks and swindlers of every quality.

This is the crusade of the GAZETTE, and one which it will maintain until even greater triumphs than those it has already won against fraud shall have been accomplished.

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.

Notwithstanding the discussion of political matters, several of the leading journals of the country have found time to deal with social problems, one of the most perplexing of which is the subject of matrimony. The condition of commerce is generally regarded as an excellent barometer by which society is gauged in affairs pertaining thereto. A season of depression is always considered conducive to continued celibacy among those who have not been caught in Cupid's meshes. And a season of prosperity, *vice versa*. A leading eastern paper has been hunting up statistics, and finds that this rule will not hold good, and proves that the present era in our national affairs, prosperous as it undoubtedly is, has been unproductive of matrimonial ventures: has, in fact, been marked by a greater dearth of them than in times of commercial depression. It says:

"Strange to say, in spite of the growth and development of the resources of the country, and increased demand for labor, even during the periods of financial depression, the number of marriages in Massachusetts and other states is not so great now as it has been in previous years. The rate in 1850 was 1 in 85.24 of the population; in 1870 it was 1 in 55.54, and in 1878 1 in 60.19, January showing the highest record and March the lowest.

It is found that marriages are not so much af-

fected by hard times after all, for statistical tables show that marriages increase among the poorer classes of the community with remarkable steadiness in spite of the business depression, although it would naturally be supposed that the reverse would be true. The decrease is found among the wealthy classes, where it would not be expected to occur.

Young men often give as a reason for not marrying that they cannot support a family, yet they spend more annually than would be required for securing an abundance of domestic felicity.

Some of the most astonishing extremes in age seem to find a golden mean somewhere in marrying. Last year one gentleman under 21 married a lady over 30, one about 23 married a bride of over 50, and over 70 married a fairy of 20 years of age. There were eight grooms who drew their prizes in the matrimonial lottery in the persons of eight brides who had been previously twice widowed. Another groom chose as his third venture one to whom he was the fourth prize. Seventy-eight colored couples entered upon a life of dusky bliss, including twenty-three cases where the grooms were colored and the brides white. The ratio of white marriages last year to the white population was 1 in 60.94, and that of the colored marriages was 1 in 32.05.

The change in the marriage race during the past twenty-eight years shows that it is rapidly diminishing, to account for which is not an easy task, and the inquirer is only left to wonder at the result of statistical tables which record for us the backward growth of marriage as compared with an increasing population."

"KNOW MY BOY BILL?"

A Stubborn Old Lady, Who Wanted Information, and Stopped a Train to Get It.

As the overland express was snorting through Alameda, Cal., on its way to New York, the engineer suddenly whistled down brakes, the conductor frantically shouted and jerked the signal line, and with many a jar and squeak the long line of cars was brought to a stop.

The cause of the sudden "fetch-up" was a fat old lady with a red face and a green parasol, who had planted herself squarely in front of the engine and was making the most frantic signals for it to pause.

"What's the matter? Anything on the track?" said the engineer, excitedly.

"Nothing but me," said the old lady, stiffly.

"Has there been a smash-up? Is there—there a drawbridge open?"

"Don't poke fun at me, young man; I want to see the proprietor."

"The what?"

"The man who runs this thing—the captain—or whatever you call him."

"What do you want with the conductor?"

"None of your business. I want to see the head man—the boss—and to oncet."

"Well, ma'am," said that functionary, running up, watch in hand. "What's up? What can I do for you?"

"You go through Chicago, don't you?"

"Why, of course. What of it?"

"Know my son Bill—Bill—Bill Skinderson—there?"

"No. For heaven's sake, get off the track, you old—"

"Don't sass me, you red nosed gorilla, or I'll inform on you. Deary me, I thought every body knew my boy Bill—prominent man there—runs the biggest fruit stand in town, and—hands off, you rascal. Don't dare to teach me. I'll move when I'm good and ready."

QUEER ORGIES UNEARTHED.

A Highly Immoral Entertainment Discovered by the Police of Cleveland, Ohio.

At Cleveland, O., the police investigating committee, now at work, are developing some highly sensational points, which are in no sense creditable to the department. It begins to appear as though crime, and particularly one of the worst phases, was shielded instead of being eradicated. A patrolman named Feldcamp has testified that himself and another officer one night recently went into a house of ill-fame kept by Mabel Gray, at the corner of Superior street hill and the railroad tracks. They were in search of a woman's husband who had been complained of to them. Mabel denied having any man in the house, but voices were heard in an adjoining room. Feldcamp pushed aside the curtain and there was disclosed to view a party of men and women witnessing a sixteen-year-old girl dancing with only a short white garment on not reaching her knees, and exposing her bust fully. Mabel Gray threatened to report Feldcamp and Krenzel for coming into her house, intimating that she had official friends who would "fix" them for intruding.

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD 'EM?"

The Chaste, Elegant and Refined Style of a Western Theatrical Manager.

A Western gossip says that Mr. David O'Brien was recently engaging his leading lady in Cincinnati for a tour upon the interior Indiana towns. David became enthusiastic and chirruped to the maiden as follows:

"You're pretty and you'll catch 'em dead. They'll smother ye wid buckets. Now say, will ye tackle the job?" In reply, the fair damsel's eyelids drooped as she affectionately moaned: "As the bee upon the flower, I hang upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue." "Oh, sufferin'!" responded the now thoroughly excited David, "how long have you had 'em?"

SEASONING.

THE girl who marries a railroad brakeman secures not only a husband, but a twister.

SOME bar-keepers now-a-days can make a sling that would have knocked the life out of Goliah a good deal quicker than David did.

LOVE is a nightmare with one foot,
Two children with one bun,
Two turnips with a single root,
Two cabbage heads as one.

GIRLS who go to college are excelled by men in mathematics, but they hold their ground when it comes to sweet-gum and baked beans.

A YOUNG lady of Clifton, Ill., sent twenty-five cents to learn "how to make an impression," and was told to sit down on a pan of dough.

A GENTLEMAN advertised the loss of a fifty dollar bill, and found it in his vest pocket before he reached home. It does pay to advertise.

"THIS world is all a fleeting show," but it takes mighty lively work for some of us to keep a grip on our tickets of admission, however poor the show is.

SOME wicked Yankee says he has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women five steps apart, and commit the news to the first as a very profound secret.

JUST now leading political papers remind one of the little girl's prayer: "O, Lord! bring Brother Tom to his senses. He lies, he steals, he swears; all boys do; us girls don't. Amen!"

An ex-prize fighter is postmaster in an eastern town. His old fighting nature is still in him, and hardly a day passes that he does not lick an innocent little stamp, and stamp on the letters.

A LADY being asked her age said: "When I was married I was eighteen and my husband was thirty. His age has since doubled, and so of course has mine. That makes me thirty-six." And she was astonished at her own frankness.

THE daughter of a Spanish sovereign dozes in a \$1,400 cradle; the daughter of the average American sovereign don't put on that much style, but she can get away with enough soothing syrup and paragoric to kill twenty Castilian babies.

WHEN a Chicago woman wants to get a man on a breach of promise case, she makes the bet of a kiss in the presence of a witness, and sues him for a breach of promise and trifling with her affections. This is naturally called "courting" in Chicago.

THEY had been married some years; were at church; he slept naturally as in death, but startled the entire congregation by shouting: "Here, old gal, take this kid, and don't be lammin' things around that way if you don't want the neighbors to come in."

A JERSEY, like a coat of mail,
The shapely form incases,
And to a dainty waist can't fail
To add developed grace;
To draw it on requires a knock
Quite easy to attain,
But what a business 'tis, good luck
To get it off again!

A HANPSOME lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "bow." The polite clerk threw himself back, and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

"DON'T you think," said a brother lawyer to Judge Underwood, "that Jim Pierson is the greatest liar of a lawyer that you ever saw?" "I should be sorry to say that of Brother Pierson," replied the judge; "but he is certainly more economical of the truth than any other lawyer in the circuit."

"WHY, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only 2 o'clock!" "No, you mutton head," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch; "I am only going to put it on the other knee! You don't 'spose a feller can beg all day on the same leg, do you?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. M., as the Colonel, who had returned from a political convention, hurriedly disrobed and tumbled into bed; "what have you been drinking or eating? What is the matter with your breath?" "Liquorish," he replied, and then he winked at himself in the dark and breathed thin until he went to sleep.

THEY stopped and looked and commented upon his being drunk or asleep. Finally one said: "Oh, come along; can't you see the fellow's drunk?" Up came the head of the drowsy individual, and his eyes half unclosed and leered at the man who had just spoken, as he answered with a big oath: "Yes, I'm er-drunk, but I can'er get over that. You're a (hic) fool, and you'll never (nic) get over that." It was in the Galveston, Texas, Opera House. The two gentlemen were from the country. After the curtain fell on the first act, one of them, who had been reading the programme, said, in an excited manner: "It's an infernal swindle, just got up to take in strangers." "What's a swindle?" "Here it says the next act is two years. I wonder if they think we are going to stay in Galveston, at two dollars a day, for two years, just to see this thing out?" They went out and saw the ticket man about it.

A young lady who embarked in the newspaper business and undertook to mould public opinion, in the absence of her father, received a poetical education the second day she was in the editorial chair, which nearly paralyzed her. It was headed to "To Winnie," and her first name happened to be Winnie. The first four lines read: "Kiss me, darling, let your lips be a rose that break apart, And I'll be the bee that sips Honey from the rose's heart." She dropped the poem, clasped her hands over her heart, and fainted dead away. It requires considerable editorial experience to stand such a shock.

LIFE'S CURiosity SHOP.

"WILL you and your son occupy one room?" asked a hotel clerk of a woman of thirty-five, who arrived at Omaha with a boy of sixteen. "This is not my son," she said, with emphasis, "but my husband. We are on our bridal tour."

As Mrs. Susan Berge was driving home, near Little Rock, Minn., the other evening, two wolves accompanied her most of the way, but apparently as a mere diversion, for they had been feasting off the carcass of a horse near the road. They enjoyed the race better than the lady did.

A TRAIN ON THE Memphis and Charleston Railroad was stopped by a man who gave a danger signal with a flag. Then he took deliberate aim with a gun at the engineer and killed him. He subsequently explained that he was out hunting locomotives. He proved to be a lunatic.

A TRIAL OF THE Rev. Dr. J. W. Carhart, Presiding Elder of the Northern Wisconsin Methodist Conference, has resulted in his conviction of dishonesty, lying, perjury and general immorality. The court was composed of fifteen Methodist Episcopal clergymen, and their verdict was unanimous.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., correspondent relates a queer story of the larceny of a diamond ring by a mouse. A lady in his family, being washing her hands recently, laid the ring on the marble slab and forgot it. An hour afterward a mouse was seen to run across the room with the ring around its body, probably crawled into it as it was standing on the edge. The mouse was caught and the ring was recovered.

AT Shoal Creek, Nev., recently, a mother observed her little child putting its hands to its side as though suffering from pain. On examination she found three small punctures in the skin, which were much swollen. The child soon went into spasms and died. Just before its death it bit the mother, who remained sick for several days. Soon after her recovery she saw a large rattlesnake come from under the doorstep where the child played, and then the mystery of the wounds was explained.

IN Richmond, Ind., a few days ago, Mrs. Early became dissatisfied because her husband spent all his time and money in a saloon. She went to the saloon and smashed the large mirrors and beer glasses, demolished the bottles and decanters with a bung-starter, and buried cracker dishes through the plate glass windows. She then turned to the saloon-keeper and asked him how much he had made off the whisky he had sold to her husband. Mrs. Early is a very sarcastic woman and has queer ways about her.

WM. B. FARRINGTON, of San Francisco, was possessed of a desire to take life. He went before the lunacy commissioners and asked to be sent to an asylum; but they decided that his mental trouble, if he had any, was brought on by drink, and refused to incarcerate him. He declared that he had murdered in his heart, and some day would be unable to resist it. One evening he was drinking amicably at a bar with an intimate friend. Without warning he drew a revolver and killed his companion. "I couldn't help it," he said; "I had to take somebody's life."

A HANDSOME boy of fourteen was seen lying by the roadside, at Carrollton, La., early in the evening, by many persons on the road to a political meeting. He was moaning, and would not reply to their questions. They concluded he was drunk, and left him alone. The fact was that he had shot himself because of a failing to get work or food. He belonged to a wealthy New Orleans family, but had run away from home. The first attempt at suicide was not successful; but when the people returned from the meeting they found him dead; a second shot had completed the work.

JOHN BUTLER, a tramp who had seen better days, found himself hungry and destitute in St. Clair county, Ohio. He resolved to revenge himself upon those prosperous farmers who had since morning refused to feed him. Stealing a horse from a stable and some matches from a bar-room, he rode away to perform his strange task. During a ride of two miles he set fire to seven barns, all of which were destroyed. The line of incendiary would doubtless have been extended much further had he not been promptly pursued. He was caught while kindling the eighth fire.

EUGENE and Ellen Gregory were the parties to a divorce suit in St. Louis, Mo. The wife's counsel had introduced testimony against the husband, who was the defendant in the case, and then his counsel began to make counter allegations against her. She listened with increasing emotion, and finally, throwing up her arms, cried out in an agonized tone: "You will drive me crazy. My God! I cannot bear this. Eugene, my husband, save me! save me!" He went to her side and did his best to soothe her. The trial was adjourned, and on the next day Mr. and Mrs. Gregory were reconciled.

THERE IS A young man in Bennington, who, having occasion to order some shirts from a well known firm in Troy, had written them: "Send me sample of cloth your shirts are made of." Before addressing the postal, a friend came in and a carriage ride was planned, which called for the invitation of a lady to enjoy the ride with them. The latter message was also written on a postal-card and both were mailed. The result was that the shirt firm received a cordial invitation to take a carriage ride by moonlight, and the young lady—well, ask the parties interested what has been said about it.

FLORENCE ROSS, who resided with her parents at Eau Claire, Wis., is about twenty years old, has been divorced twice and had two more contracts of marriage, took poison last week, from the effects of which she cannot recover. She was to have been married the Saturday evening following to one Parr, and on Sunday to one Lee. The latter says he was visiting her when Parr entered and a scene occurred,

during which she went to the pantry and took the poison. She has been in apparently sound mind and it is supposed domestic troubles nerves her to do the deed. She has two children living, one by each marriage.

AN Indian thief was turned over to the chief of his tribe, at San Diego, Cal., and by him sentenced to receive a hundred lashes. The culprit was a big, powerful fellow; but he submitted quietly to being tied to the side of a high wagon, with his legs and arms extended and his back bared. A stalwart Indian struck the blows with all his might, using a leather lariat, and making the blood flow at every stroke. The victim endured the dreadful torture in grim silence for a while, and then broke out into agonized screams. If he had remained silent to the end, the chief would have restored him to the tribe; but, as he "cried like a coward baby," he was afterward driven out of the neighborhood.

HAVRE DE GRACE, that pretty little village where the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad crosses the Susquehanna just as the stream empties into Chesapeake Bay, has been scared very much lately over the report that a big man was prowling about town after dark in woman's clothing. The darkness all declared it was a ghost, but some ladies, frightened at the phenomenon, set the police to searching for it, and one of them caught hold of the dress. The woman clapped her hand on a hip pocket and said threateningly: "Do not lay your hands on me; I have a dog here that will bite," and pulled herself out of the dress and ran away, leaving the garment in the policeman's hands. The dress was afterward claimed by the husband of one of the most respectable ladies in town, who was probably searching around to find out what he was doing out so late.

THE Dartwell family moved into a small but comfortable house at Medford, Mass., and did not manifest any desire to be neighborly, though they were polite enough to those who called. Curiosity was excited by the fact that the very pretty but pale and sad face of a little girl was sometimes seen at a garret window. Her wistful expression whenever she saw children at play led to the belief that she was a prisoner. This went on for several months. Then an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children went to the house and asked permission to investigate. He was assured that no child was within; but he insisted on a search, and in the garret found the girl—a fragile, shy and utterly neglected child of seven. She was half clothed in rags, and a pile of gnawed bones in a corner showed that she had been fed like a wild beast. The room was no better than a pigsty. The Dartwells said that she was their niece, but refused to give any reason for their treatment of her.

A Louisville doctor named Cochran was aroused by a knock at his door at midnight a few nights ago. He got up and turned the knob of the door, and when the door swung on its hinges a man fell on the floor. The doctor soon found that the man had been poisoned, and began working on him. After several hours' hard labor with a stomach pump the mysterious individual was brought around. On questioning him the man said his name was J. R. Abbey, and that he lived in Mobile, Ala. Some time ago his wife disappeared, and learning that she had come this way, he started off to find her. He arrived at Louisville about 11:30 o'clock that night, when he received information that his wife was at home and had not been unfaithful to him. He was struck with remorse at doubting her fidelity, and took some arsenic. He then started out to die, but repented his act, and began looking around for a physician and found Cochran's office. The poison meanwhile had taken effect, and he was nearly used up when the doctor opened the door.

SWEET sixteen kissed her mother at Portland, Ky., the other morning and started for school. She had clothed herself in the most becoming attire her wardrobe could afford, and when her mother suggested that she looked rather fashionable for school, the young thing guilelessly said that after her lessons were done she intended to go to the Exposition. This was a satisfactory explanation, and the young lady tripped lightly away with her books in her hand. At the same time an eighteen-year-old youngster was telling his father, an organ builder, that a business matter would keep him out the balance of the day. The children met by appointment, boarded a ferry boat and were soon in Jeffersonville, Ind. There they found a preacher, and with all the earnestness of full-grown people swore to love, cherish and protect each other. Later in the day the young couple returned home, and while the young lady told "mamma" what she had seen at the Exposition, young John explained to his father the nature and importance of the business which had kept him away from home all day. A reconciliation followed.

WHEN the last batch of dog-days had nearly passed, Fletcher Mitchell, a farmer, stepped into a saloon in Millard, Nebraska (as he expressed it to the coroner's jury), "to wet his whistle." As he entered the door some one shouted: "Look out! he'll kill you." Mitchell jerked his revolver from his pocket and as quick as thought fired at a man whose hand gleamed a wicked-looking knife. The ball from Mitchell's revolver entered the man's forehead and killed him instantly. The dead man proved to be James Lyon. Examination of his body showed that Lyon was clad in a complete suit of armor, worn under his clothing. The shield consisted of two pieces of heavy leather, padded with an inch of cotton batting and quilted to form an invulnerable protection to the vital parts. It extended from his neck to his thighs and entirely covered the front of his body, being suspended from his neck by straps. The other parts of the body were protected by similar material. Lyon was not known in Millard as a desperado, but it is likely that Mitchell, who is now on trial for murder, will be acquitted, because the murdered man's odd undersuit showed that he expected to take part in desperate fray.

The feelings of the outraged husband may be imagined, but not described. Determined to shoot the destroyer of his peace, he rushed to a bureau drawer to get a loaded revolver, but it had disappeared. Could it be possible that Mrs. Brooks had removed it in anticipation of such a purpose? Rushing down stairs he was intent on entering the kitchen and confronting the guilty pair, but he was again frustrated.

OF Frank Bury, or Dutch Frank, who was killed at Gold Hill, Nevada, recently, many anecdotes are related. He lived alone in a ranch near Silver City Switch, possessed plenty of the precious metal and was miserly. His escapes from imminent death had been so numerous that the first report of his real taking off was not credited anywhere. The miners said that he owned "the constitution of an opponent." Once he was surprised by a band of Chinamen, who robbed him and suspended him by means of a rope to a neighboring tree. When the heathens left him he was black in the face. An hour later he mopped up the streets of Gold Hill with one of his assailants. He had cut the rope after the disappearance of the robbers. Some years ago the fingers of one of his hands were frozen and he neglected to take the proper care until the flesh began to slough off the bone. When he went to a doctor and was told that the fingers must be amputated and that it would cost him \$100, he said that he would keep the money and perform the amputation himself. He procured a pair of horse-clipping shears, and fastening one blade in a vise, placed his fingers between the blades and struck the other blade with a hammer. It was a successful operation, and immediately afterwards he was seen at his work, with a big glove on the sore hand, but not apparently suffering much pain.

IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

A Bold Bond Operator Overhauled in Chicago with Over \$200,000 in Stolen and Altered Bonds in his Satchel.

The Secret Service Division is in a high state of exultation over the arrest on the 22nd inst., in Chicago of J. B. Doyle, who had in his possession United States Bonds to the amount of \$250,000, 300,000 in currency, and other valuable plunder. These bonds it appears, are the proceeds of some extensive robbery, but where or at what time Chief Brooks refuses to tell just now. He states, however, that his men have been shadowing Doyle for many weeks, and have made a most important capture.

Doyle's chief offense in this case is forgery. The bonds in his possession have, more or less, had their numbers raised, and some have been recovered which had been negotiated. The system of changing the numbers was to serve a double purpose: First, to prevent identification of the bonds; and, second, to realize the money on them. To effect the latter the original numbers were changed to new numbers, but fortunately for the Government the new numbers selected were the numbers of old bonds redeemed years ago, rendering the detection of the fraudulent issue a very easy matter. Doyle was formerly a resident of Bradford, Ill., where he married the daughter of a celebrated counterfeiter, and with her removed to Colorado, where he was profitably engaged in farming. It is supposed that through the agency of his wife's family connections he was led into bad habits.

After considerable delay Chief Brooks obtained today from his Chicago agent the numbers of eighteen of the bonds. Upon comparing these with the records of the Loan Division of the department it is found that eleven of the genuine bonds, bearing numbers similar to those found in the list, having been redeemed; and of the balance of the list it is shown that the numbers now on these bonds were not those originally issued to the parties whose name is in the body of the bond. This clearly demonstrates that the bonds found in the possession of Doyle have all been changed from their original numbers. That is, they are bonds that have been stolen and their numbers changed, so as to enable their being sold in the open market. The bonds will be brought to this city, and will be examined to ascertain their original numbers. This will probably enable the return of the bonds to their owners should they prove genuine.

Doyle left New York on last Tuesday. The Secret Service Agents at New York telegraphed Chief Brooks of Doyle's departure. He was supposed to have in his possession counterfeit money. This information was the real cause of his arrest in Chicago, although he was given to understand that he was taken into custody as a Government defaulter.

A CURIOUS TRIAL.

What a Husband Saw by Peeping Through a Knot Hole.

The case of L. B. Brooks again at St. James Williams which was tried in the Common Pleas Court at Philadelphia, the past week, attracted not a little attention by the reason of its novelty. This action was for damages by reason of the alleged criminal intercourse of defendant with the plaintiff's wife. This, as he testified, took place in 1877 at his home in Front street, below York, and defendant, who is a colored man, was a visitor, always asking when he came for Mrs. Brooks. The frequency of his visits, and the circumstances attending them, induced Mr. Brooks to suspect improper relations, and he accordingly kept a close watch upon them. Williams and Mrs. Brooks passed their evenings in the kitchen, and in order that the husband might see what was going on in that apartment, he made a hole through the floor of the room above, and with his eye to the opening calmly surveyed the scene below. What he saw may not be told in the plain language of the wronged husband, but it will be sufficient to say that he saw enough to prove the infidelity of the woman he had taken to his bosom, and the baseness of his pretended black friend.

The feelings of the outraged husband may be imagined, but not described. Determined to shoot the destroyer of his peace, he rushed to a bureau drawer to get a loaded revolver, but it had disappeared. Could it be possible that Mrs. Brooks had removed it in anticipation of such a purpose? Rushing down stairs he was intent on entering the kitchen and confronting the guilty pair, but he was again frustrated.

The door was locked. He tried to force his way in, but could not, and he returned to his bed-chamber.

Mrs. Brooks did not come to bed that night, but when he saw her next morning he accused her of adulterous practices, and she said: "What if I am guilty?"

Brooks further testified that Williams had been quite attentive to Mrs. B.; had treated her to ice cream and jelly cake and gave her money, saying if the husband could pay it back all right—if not, it was all the same.

On September 10, a few days after the scene in the kitchen, Mrs. Brooks left, taking away all the household goods; she went to live in Elmwood street, and Williams continued his visits. Brooks said he was married in 1859, in Green street, above ninth. When Williams visited the house he was employed at Bumm's salt works. After Mrs. Brooks hurried leave-taking she brought an action for divorce, which is still pending. The cross-examination of the husband did not shake his story. His witnesses, however, intended to corroborate him, did not do so, and the case depending upon his testimony alone, he suffered a non-suit, a triumph for the "culed pus-

GAVE HERSELF AWAY.

How a Lively Youth of Ten Put His Sister Among the Old Maids.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young lady near Troy, N. Y., has entered suit for breach of promise, and the recreant lover maintains that she has no grounds for her suit. While he was paying her court, he was subjected to great annoyance from her brother, an interesting and lively youth of ten years. This hopeful was the main cause of precipitating the trouble between his prospective brother-in-law and sister. When they were engaged in "spooning," the youngster aforesaid with malicious intent, persisted in making their seances anything but lovely by letting down through a pipe-hole in the ceiling overhead one thing and another that ruffled their tempers. On one occasion he let down a male fowl and Thomas cat together, and the feathers and fur flew at a lively rate. The young lady was so annoyed that she disclosed her real nature by giving away to her feelings. She outswore the army in Flanders, and otherwise so conducted herself that her husband to be was shocked. He made up his mind there and then that if she was such a master of profanity and the possessor of such a temper, his married life would be more miserable than ever Caudle's was, and ceased to pay her further attentions. He thinks the court will sustain him in his resolution to hunt for some maiden of more refined speech and amiable temper.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.] All conjectures of one kind or another that something would arise which would prevent or cause Mlle Sara Bernhardt to not come to America were set at rest this past week by her arrival from Paris in the steamship *America*. The great actress was in capital spirits, and contrary to her expectations enjoyed the trip greatly. Her season will begin at Booth's Theatre on the 8th of November, the opening play being "Adrienne Lecouvrier."

The success which has attended this remarkable woman is due solely to her own efforts. Since the days of Bistori and Rachel, no actress has filled so large a place in the public mind as Mlle Bernhardt. Her varied accomplishments make her the peer of any dramatic artiste living. A complete history of her life before and behind the footlights has been published by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, in a book entitled "Footlight Favorites," with a correct portrait of this great actress in the character of *Dona Sol*, in "Herman."

Her appearance in this country will be considered the dramatic sensation of the century, and all who admire the genius which has raised her to her present pedestal of fame, will find a perusal of her biography interesting reading. An additional value is attached to "Footlight Favorites" from the fact that it contains portraits of twenty-five of her copeers in the theatrical profession, in stage costume, all of whom have won fame in their special lines of acting.

One Way to Get a Square Meal.

[Subject of Illustration.]

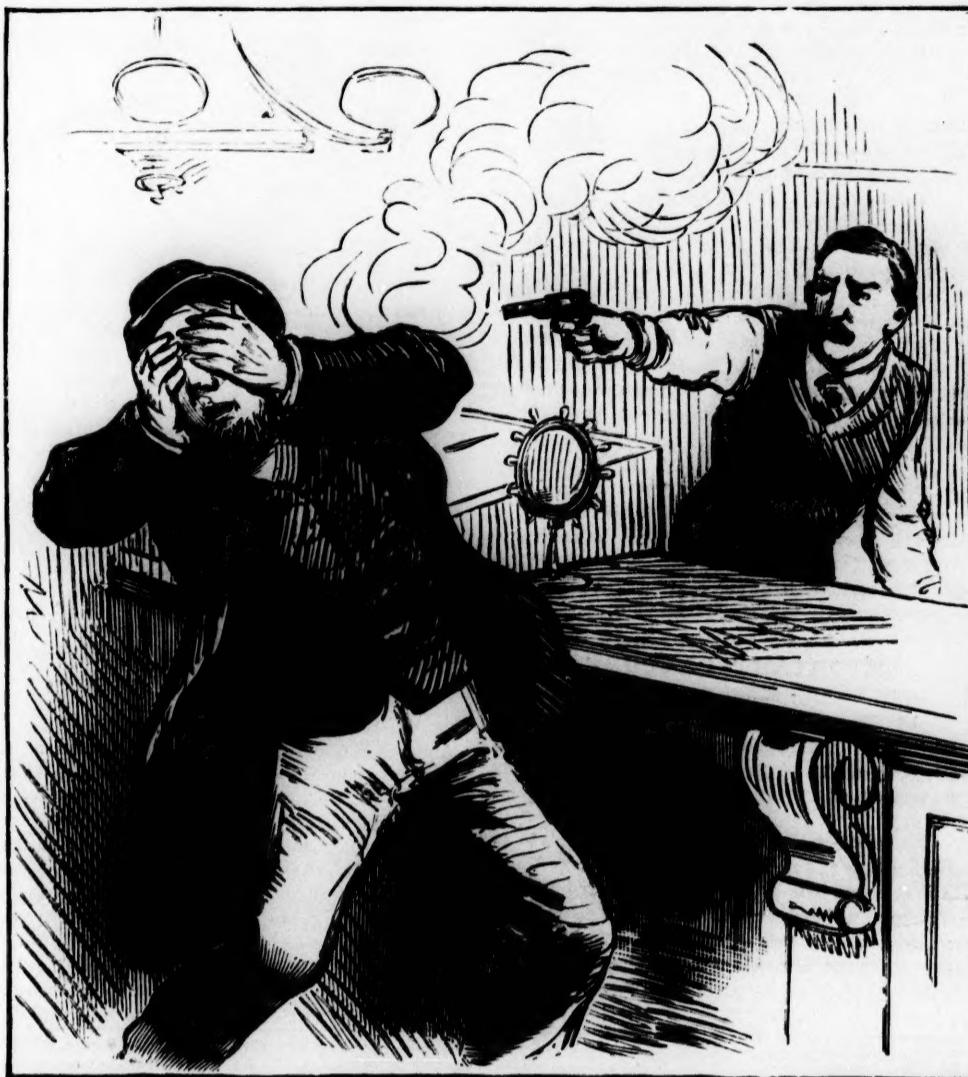
A curious case of intimidation recently took place in a San Francisco boarding-house. A man and wife had been "hanging it up" for a long time on promises to pay as soon as remittances arrived from the East. The landlady waited patiently, but finally made up her mind to wait no longer. She therefore gave the delinquent couple notice to leave, and informed them that they could not have any more meals in her house.

They went out in the evening, but returned late at night with a savage-looking bulldog, let themselves in with their night key, and retired to their room with their canine companion. The next morning they both appeared in the dining-room and made the dog take up his position on the table. The landlady was ordered to bring on the breakfast, on threat that if she refused they would let slip the brute, and play havoc with her. She had to give in for the time being, until an officer arrived and captured the trio.

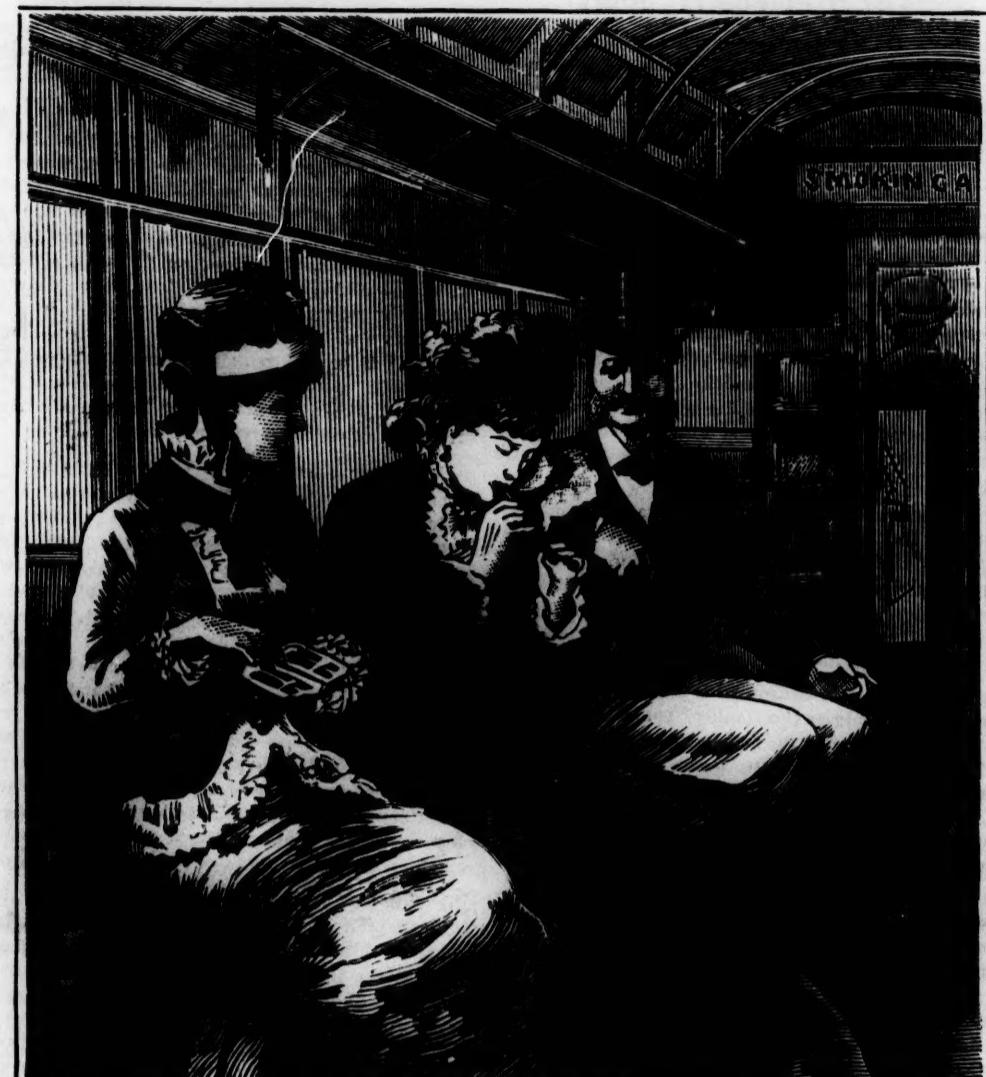
"Oh, Dat Watermelon!"

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of men entered a saloon near Atlanta, Georgia, recently, one of them carrying a large watermelon under his arm. Seating themselves at a table, one of them took out his knife and made an incision in the melon. Instantly it exploded, the pieces flying in all directions. One of the men lost his eye from being hit by a piece of it. No explanation can be given for the singular accident.



ED. LYONS, A NOTORIOUS EX-CONVICT, ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE LIFE OF THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "STAR AND GARTER," AND RECEIVES A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE; NEW YORK.



A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE IN A SIXTH AVENUE SMOKING CAR—GIDDY GIRLS WHO BELIEVE IN TAKING A "WHIFF OF THE WEED" IN PUBLIC AS WELL AS IN PRIVATE.

A DUEL IN A SALOON.

A Bad man who Went Hunting for Fight and got all he Wanted.

(Subject of Illustration.)
About 3 o'clock on the morning of the 24th inst., Thomas McCormick, who was brutally beaten by a gang of ruffians in a Sixth avenue resort known as the "Star and Garter," a month ago, and who, until a day or two since, was laid up with his injuries in the New York Hospital, in company with Edward Lyons, one of the most skilful burglars in the country, entered the "Star and Garter" and engaged in an altercation with Hamilton Brock, the proprietor. Lyons placed a pistol at Brock's stomach, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire, when Brock retreated to the basement and the men left. At 5 o'clock both returned and succeeded, by pretending they were friends of Brock's from Boston, in again gaining access to the establishment, when Lyons, with a loaded revolver in his hand, told the men congregated about the bar to stand back, for he intended to kill Brock. His first shot missed its mark, and Brock stooped in time to escape the second ball, which went crashing over his head through the glasses on the bar. Brock then drew his revolver and fired three shots in rapid succession at Lyons, two of which took effect, one ball piercing his right lung and another entering his left jaw. Lyons was then pulled into the street by his friend, when three policemen came up, and the latter, received no response to their knocks for admission, broke open the door and arrested Brock, who was concealed on the top floor. Lyons was taken to the hospital, where the surgeons said he could not survive. Later in the day Justice Smith held Brock to answer in \$1,000 bail. At the hospital the wounded man gave his name as George E. Lenning. He is the husband of the notorious shoplifter, Sophia Lyons, who not long since endeavored to release a number of prisoners from Sing Sing.

•••
"THUS SHE PASSED AWAY."

A Brother-in-Law Chokes his Sister-in-Law to Death, and Packs her in a Trunk.

(Subject of Illustration.)
George Wheeler was in love with his wife's sister, in San Francisco, but could devise no pretext for getting rid of his wife. Delia Tilson, the sister, was made very unhappy by the complication, for she re-



FRED ARCHER, CHAMPION JOCKEY OF ENGLAND.

turned his passion, and also had a deep regard for his wife. At length she was found dead in the house. She had been choked to death by George. His cool account of the murder was as follows:

"She asked me to cut her throat. I told her that I could not bear to see her blood, but I told her I could choke her. She said: 'Very well,' and sat in my lap, when I placed one hand on her mouth and with the other grasped her throat, and she throwing her head back on my shoulder, died like a child. She struggled but little. At first she looked into my eyes, and I, kissing them, told her to close them which she did, and thus she passed away." After her death Wheeler packed her body in a trunk. His crime was shortly after discovered.

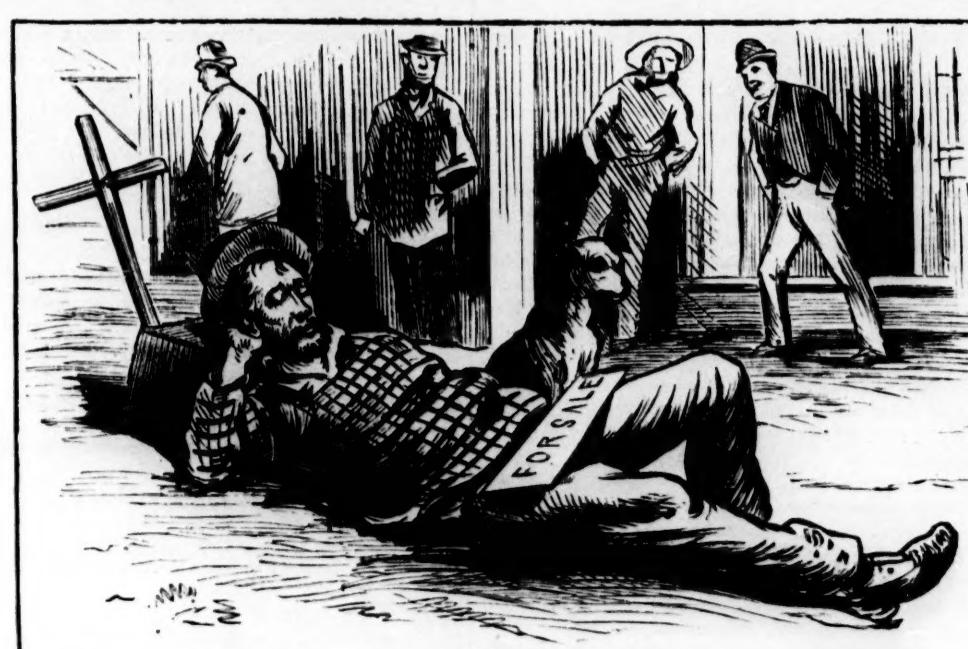
WHAT IT HAS COME TO.

A Scene From Real Life in a Sixth Avenue Smoking Car.

(Subject of Illustration.)

That smoking cigarettes has become quite a common custom among women in their homes, is well known. But like all habits of this kind, their devotees soon grow bold. A scene was witnessed on a Sixth avenue smoking car one day this week which shows that some of the fair sex, at least, do not propose to have their nicotinian enjoyment confined to the house, but boldly practice it in public. Two handsomely attired ladies stepped on to one of the Sixth avenue smoking cars, in which were seated two or three gentlemen, all smoking cigars. The fact that the ladies were deemed intruders, caused the smokers to puff away. In the most careless manner possible, and with the air of one who had smoked from childhood, both of the females opened their reticules, taking therefrom a package of cigarettes and a case of cigars. Requesting a light from one of the gentlemen, they joined in making the air blue with smoke. They paid no heed to the attention which their action caused. Both seemed to think that they were doing the "propah capah." Credulous readers may deem this a fancy story, but it is a fact which can be vouched for at any time. What made this action more noticeable is that it was performed in broad daylight, while the avenue was thronged with promenaders.

•••
A man named "Dapper" Fawcett, a well-known posher, who escaped from a police officer while being conveyed to Richmond Station, Yorkshire, some weeks ago, has returned the handcuffs with which he was bound at the time to the superintendent of police there.



HOW THE FRISKY CITIZENS OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SERVE TRAMPS WHO LIE DOWN TO REST IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.—SEE PAGE 7.



A JEALOUS FIEND MURDERS HIS SISTER-IN-LAW RATHER THAN LOSE HER AFFECTIONS, AND THEN PACKS HER BODY IN A TRUNK; SAN FRANCISCO.

A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.

A Singular Mistake at Rockland, Maine, and How it Resulted - An Odorous Greeting.

We have in this world mistakes of all kinds, the worst, perhaps, being the shooting of a friend with what was thought to be an empty gun. A mistake of this character took place the other night in Rockland, Maine.

An old man had a buxom daughter; this daughter had a beau. The old man also had a henry, the precincts of which of late had been invaded by thieves, so he thought he would give the thief such a reception as would break up his nefarious proclivities.

So to this end, he filled a big garden syringe with about a gallon of ancient beef brine, seasoned with garlic and flavored with assafetida, and was lying in ambush behind a box, where he could sweep every approach to the henry. The young man who is pretty and well acquainted with the whole family, thought he would surprise the girl by entering the house unexpectedly by the back way.

Gayly up the back yard the young man comes. Silently in ambush the old man lies. Cheerily the buxom girl warbles. Quiet, but awful, is the syringe. In the uncertain light of early evening the old man sees a figure stealthily drawing near the guarded pen. With bated breath he awaits the onslaught. The syringe sounds its dreadful "wh-s-h-p," and its deadly contents fly through the air like a wild and mad avenger.

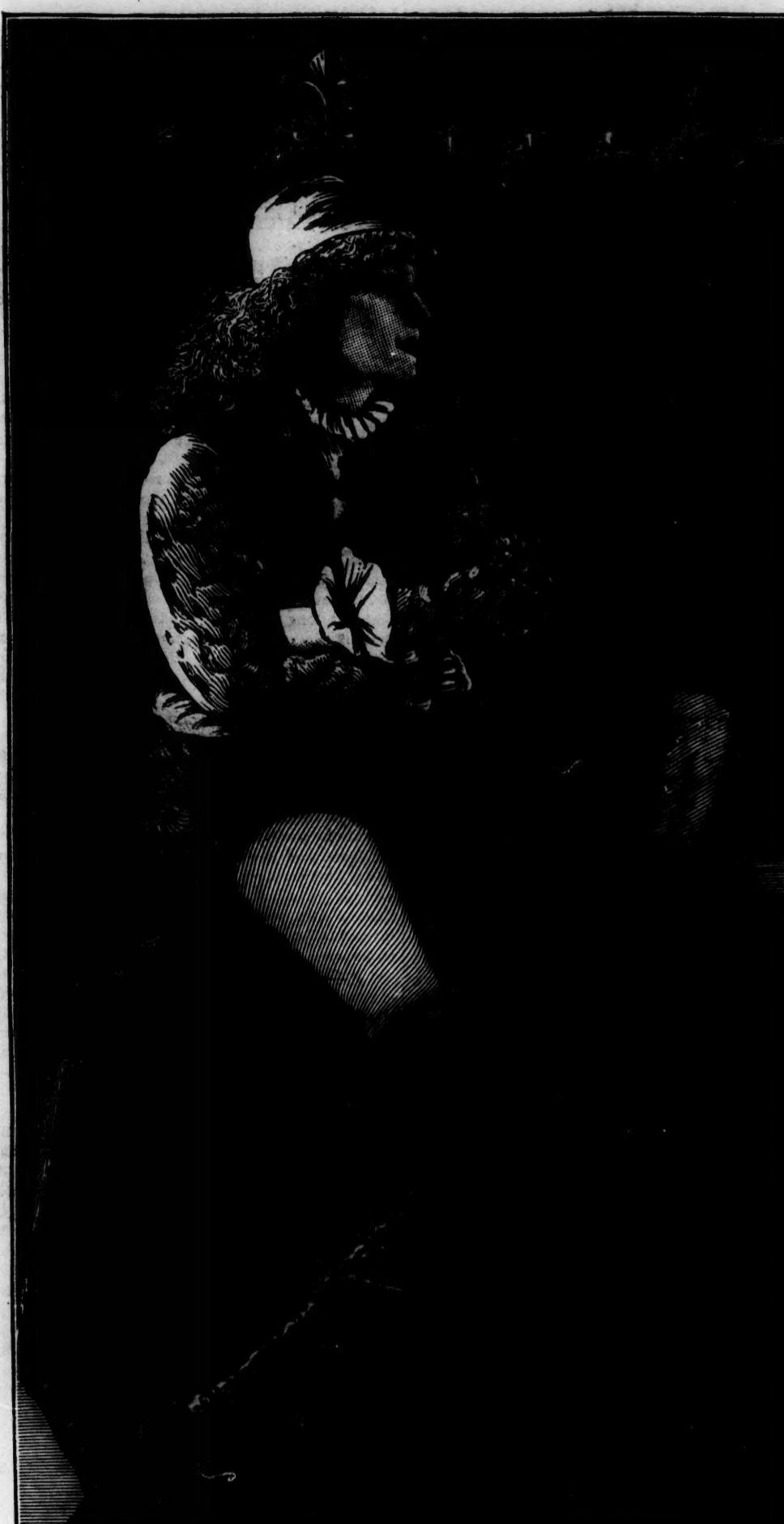
A yell that tore the azure robe of night, fairly knocked the buxom maiden off the piano stool and curdled the old man's blood, followed the discharge, and when the neighbors rushed in, under the impression that a boom had burst right in the neighborhood, they found the unfortunate young man pawing madly around on the ground, and screaming out awful Mexican words terrible to hear, while the old man hovered over the scene with the syringe in his hand, looking like an animated figure escaped from an allegory.

Sympathizing arms bore the young man into the house after the owners had stopped their nostrils with cotton, and it required the combined efforts of the maiden and eight friends to bring him to, and it was some hours before he was fairly able to inquire if the meteor hit anybody else when it struck. That night, beneath the darksome shades of a cypress tree, whose thick branches the struggling moonbeams vainly strove to pierce, an old man's tottering form rested upon a spade and silently viewed the new-made grave. He had just buried the syringe.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Material for a Highly Sensational Novel - A Kansas City Business House Swindled by a Great Rascal who Proves to be a Bigamist and Murderer.

The Moline Plow Co., of Kansas City, Mo., do a large business in the agricultural implement business throughout Kansas, and up to a late date had as agent at Wellington, on the line of the Kansas City Fort Scott & Gulf road, a man known as Frank Chapman. A short time since Chapman failed, owing the Moline company quite a large sum of money, and, without making any statement of his accounts, ran away, but was followed by detectives, and arrested in Southwestern Missouri and returned to Wellington. Mr. J. A. Love, of Kansas City, went down to Wellington for the Plow Co., and upon searching Chapman's trunk, papers were discovered of a startling and highly sensational character. It was ascertained that Chapman, under the name of G. M. Wise, had, before going to Wellington, married a young lady at Newton, and upon his arrival in the first named city, married a second lady under the name of Chapman. A telegraph operator saw the name G. M.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

M'LLIE SARA BERNHARDT.
For authentic history of this famous actress' life before and behind the footlights, with handsome portrait in her world-renowned impersonation of "Hernani," see FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. Sold by all Booksellers. Price 30c.



A WATERMELON ON BEING CUT EXPLODES, SERIOUSLY INJURING ITS WOULD-BE DEVOURERS, NEAR ATLANTA, GA.—SEE PAGE 3.



A YOUNGSTER CLIMBS A TREE AND DEFIES THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW TO CATCH HIM, AND IS MADE TO "TAKE A DROP"; TORONTO.

Wise, and recognize it as the name of a man wanted in Illinois for a murder committed six years ago. The sheriff of the county where the crime occurred, was notified, who telegraphed back to hold Wise, as he was wanted. Wise, alias Chapman, had a brother who passed by the name of Joe Mason, also arrested at Wellington, and when he discovered that his brother was wanted in Illinois for the murder above mentioned he committed suicide, as he as well as his brother had been connected in a scheme to defraud his creditors. A third brother was formerly recorder of deeds in Summer county, and by threatening to expose his brother Frank, secured a large amount of hush money. This last brother returned to Illinois in 1878, but last spring went back to Kansas and there made Frank hand over \$2,000 more or be given into the hands of the officers. He stated that he wanted this money to lift a mortgage on the old homestead, and at last secured the cash. It has been the custom for these boys to return to Tennessee every year, claiming that State as their home and when "Joe Mason," alias Wise, killed himself, a Mr. Flanders telegraphed to what was supposed to be his home, as follows:

"Joe Mason is dead; what shall I do with the body?" an answer came the same day:

"Will guarantee charges; ship here." This was done by Mr. Flanders last week, but when the coffin was opened by Dr. Mason of Tennessee, instead of finding the body of his son he discovered a stranger, and in this connection is another startling fact in connection with the tragedy in real life.

About five years ago a young man named "Joe Mason" did come West from Tennessee and settled near Wellington, and the last time heard from by his family was herding cattle near that point. It is thought that Wise, alias Mason, murdered the real Mason and then assumed his name, and from letters was able to carry out the deception until the father of Mason discovered that his son had not been killed, as he was led to suppose. The body was buried in the Potter's field, and investigations are now on foot to discover the whereabouts of the real Joe Mason, if yet alive. In the meantime Frank Chapman is in jail at Wellington awaiting the arrival of the Illinois officials, while the people of that town are all agog over the developments made in their midst. Mr. Love is expected home this afternoon, when new facts in the case are looked for.

HUMAN FRUIT.

How a Couple of Policemen Captured a Young Offender.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A funny scene was witnessed by a large crowd in College avenue, in Toronto, the other day. Since the nuts have become ripe the chief employment of the small boy seems to be to visit the park and gather them. No objection can be made to this, but many of them in their efforts to secure the worthless nuts injure and break the trees, in contravention of the by-law in such cases made and provided. On the day mentioned the avenue constable, who had long looked for revenge, actually tred one of the youngsters. The constable called upon him to descend and surrender to the law, but the lad flatly refused to do so. The constable called for assistance, which came in the person of a brother "cop." No. 1 stationed No. 2 at the foot of the tree while he went in quest of a ladder. The latter article was found and reared against the tree, amid the laughter of two hundred spectators. As the constable ascended, the youngster, who cried pitifully, crawled out upon the slenderest limb he could find which would bear him. The constable did not trust his weight to the limb, but putting his foot upon it, shook the trembling boy into the arms of the policeman below. He then descended, and the two marched proudly off to the police station with their prize. Boys, don't get tired.

"THE" ALLEN.

**His Famous Fight With Ulick Roach.
---A Set-to at**

FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY.

**And the Lively Scrimmages That
Followed—Diving for Lib-
erty—Where a
Fourth of**

JULY POP CAME HANDY.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

In Twentieth street there existed at the time of Bill Poole's death an engine house whose occupant was famous as No. 16 Engine, and as a rival of the "Red Rover." Whenever the old citizens and the Red Rovers met there was war, and one engine or the other was tolerably certain to be destroyed.

Sunday was a special field day in these engine fights, as then the machines were fully manned, while during the week when the members and volunteer were at work they ran light.

So when an alarm of fire brought Thirty-four and Sixteen together of a Sunday, each with from five to six hundred men at the ropes and on the run, there was material for battle which never went to waste.

The assistant foreman of the "Croton," as Sixteen engine was called, was Ulick Roach, a famous fighter, who was regarded as the champion of the company.

The Allen was at that time a runner with the Red Rover and had long itched to measure fists with the leader of the old citizens in the Third district.

One Sunday afternoon an alarm of fire brought the old citizens down into the Ninth ward. It was a false alarm, and Thirty-four started for home at the same time Sixteen did, and started, too, on the same road.

The ropes of the rival engines were manned by at least five hundred men each.

They traveled up Hudson street side by side bandying hard words across the street, skirmishing varying the monotony of the performance by an occasional knock down, but without any serious trouble until they arrived at Christopher street where the Red Rovers had to turn off to get to their street.

The foreman of the Croton was sick that day, and Ulick Roach, who, as assistant, had to take his place, was leading the string with his horn in his hand.

Thirty-four began to turn the corner. The., who had trotted ahead, pounced on the champion of the opposition.

A general fight was the result. In the course of it Allen and Roach were separated, and the Croton was captured and run down to the Christopher street dock and dumped into the river by the Red Rovers, while the citizens were routed, horse, foot and dragoons and went up town on the run.

The result was that a few days after, Roach issued a challenge to Allen which he accepted.

The meeting was to take place at Fort Lee, N. J., on the next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Fort Lee was at that time little better than a wilderness. The only house there was a hotel at the river side where the boys used to go for an occasional julep.

A couple of little steamers, the Frank and Boston, which tied up at the Spring and Hammond street wharves, were the only regular means of getting there. The majority of the visitors crossed the river in sail and row boats, and considered it quite a voyage.

The news of the impending meeting between Allen and Roach made Fort Lee populous for one consecutive day, at least. Old-timers, in fact, aver that it has never been visited by such a throng since.

Hundreds of people crossed the river on the steamers and in boats and sailing craft. Allen himself went over in the Boston, Roach making the trip in a yacht.

The fight was a stand up one, in the rules. The ring was pitched on the hillside, about 400 yards from the hotel, towards the Palisades.

Allen was seconded by his old opponent, Hughey Darrah, who had quite forgiven The. the thrashing he had given him some years before, when he had nearly suffocated him in the mud, and by Bob Brock. Roach's seconds were Wally O'Neil and a sport who ran with Sixteen engine, and who was generally known as Johnny "Croton," though he had once owned another name which most people had forgotten.

Roach was a much heavier man than Allen, and at the start had all the advantage his overweight gave him.

But with each round The. came to the mark as lively as ever, while his opponent commenced to show punishment and become winded.

At the ninth round the betting, which had commenced in favor of Roach, began to settle in The.'s favor.

The tenth round brought the odds fully on his side and when the eleventh was called Roach was by no means a favorite.

As the combatants came to time on this round a steamer which had been noticed in the river ran into the Fort Lee dock, and a cry rang out:

"Police! The police!"

And sure enough it was. Roach's brother, Dave, was a detective at police headquarters. When the fight between his brother and Allen was noised about, as it was very exten-

ly, he had conveyed information of the proposed meeting to the Jersey sheriff, and made arrangements to be on the spot himself in case he was needed. The sheriff turned up on the spot early in the fight, but was powerless to prevent its progress, so he philosophically enjoyed the fun instead of interfering with it. The police made their landing as soon as it was evident that Ulick Roach was getting the worst of it.

Headed by the late Inspector Carpenter, a party of about two hundred filed ashore almost before the steamer touched the bulkhead.

The sight of this reinforcement inspired the Jersey sheriff and his followers with fresh courage. While the police were yet on the wharf they made a rush for the ring and the fight was stopped.

The majority of the party swarmed into the hotel, while Roach got on yacht and sailed away for New York, and The. boarded the steamer which had brought him across, the Boston.

The police had evidently made their minds up to capture The. or to be more explicit, Dave Roach and two others had.

While Ulick Roach was returning quietly and unmolested to New York his brother and two other officers, Bobby Allison and a famous Wall street detective named Speckles, headed a search for his opponent.

Failing to find him in the hotel the officers accused his friends of concealing him.

A war of words naturally ensued which resulted in a fierce and savage fight. When it ended the barroom was a picture of desolation that would have done credit to a dynamite factory after an explosion. Everything that could be smashed was pulverized.

The landing at Fort Lee was at that time a simple bulkhead, along which the steamers were moored broadside to.

The Boston had remained during fight at the hotel, and when the police found that Allen was not visible at the house they turned their attention to the steamer in the hope of finding him there. Nor were they disappointed.

The., with his seconds and a couple of friends had gone to a stateroom on the promenade deck and washed up.

The fight had left him marked with a black eye and a couple of cuts on his face.

After washing up he discovered that his coat had been forgotten on the field. One of his friends, Billy Montgomery, gave him a handsome new frock coat of his own to wear, and buttoned his overcoat over his vest, to keep himself warm.

The. had hardly got the coat on when Roach and his friends sighted him.

They made a rush for him, and his friends closed around him to defend him. Several policemen who had passed and seen but not betrayed him, were then forced to come to the aid of their companions. The deck hands took cause for The., and one of the most desperate fights that ever went unrecorded, followed. The officers used their clubs, and the bostmen their handspikes and whatever else they could reach. Savage and bloody, the struggle continued for some minutes when the police were reinforced and by mere force of numbers beat their opponents back.

Then they discovered that Allen had again escaped them.

During the *melee* he had succeeded in fighting his way down to the lower deck unnoticed.

The combat overhead had spread to the rest of the boat, and everybody was so busy settling his own affairs that no account was taken of The. and he got out to the forward part of the boat in safety.

He was holding a council of war at the bow as to the most advisable further movements with his brother, his friend Montgomery and Bob Brock, while the policemen and the rest of the combatants were repairing damages, when the implacable Dave Roach spied him again.

In a minute more the detective, followed by half a dozen officers, had tapped The. on the shoulder.

"You're my prisoner," he said; "surrender yourself."

"Here's some of me on account," replied Allen.

And he planted a stunning blow between his would-be captor's eyes.

Half stunned and blinded, Roach staggered back, but his followers closed in on The. and his friends, and another combat was soon in progress.

It was anything but a fair fight now, however.

The police swarmed out from the cabins in irresistible force, and The., finding that any further resistance would be more foolish even than useless, turned to fly.

Springing to the outer bulwark, he rested his hands on the railing and swung himself up for a dive into the river.

One of the officers seized the tails of his coat, but Allen made his leap, leaving two pieces of fine broadcloth in the discomfited policeman's grasp, and landed—

Not in the North River, but in a skiff, in which three men whom the noise of the fight on the steamer had attracted to the spot were just rowing by.

The boat shot a couple of hundred feet out into the stream before it could be stopped. By that time The., who had landed on his head, had gained his feet, while the enemy on the steamer had got their revolvers out and covering the skiff and its occupants were filling the air with cries of—

"Stop thief!"

"Lay on your oars!"

"Bring the — back!"

"Lay to, or we'll blow you out of water!"

The three boatmen were scared.

They hadn't the slightest idea who Allen was, and, staring from him to one another with frightened faces, did nothing until Inspector Carpenter repeated the command to them to come on board the steamer.

Then the man who was steering gave the tiller a twist, when something cold touched him on the forehead and made him shudder.

It was the muzzle of a little single barrelled pistol, such as the street urchins celebrate the Fourth with nowadays, which The. had found in the breast pocket of his friend's coat; and, pressing it against the steersman's forehead, the fugitive said quietly but in a voice that meant the most serious sort of business:

"Now me over to New York, if you ever want to land anywhere alive."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Commenced in No. 153. Back numbers can always be obtained at the office of the Police Gazette, 183 William street, New York.

TOO MUCH BROTHER-IN-LAW.

A Marital Row, a Challenge to Fight, and an Exodus in an Ox-Cart—"Turning the Honey of a Man's Life Into Gall."

The Superior Court which has just closed its session in New London, Conn., was almost exclusively occupied with the trial of slander suits. The latest case before the court was the application of John Rogers, of East Lyme, for a divorce from Terry Rogers.

John Rogers is a farmer, not more than thirty years of age. His wife is about the same age, pretty and sprightly. The couple have been married less than a year. They lived together from last April until August. Mrs. Terry Rogers is a sister of the wife of James C. Luce, the fish pumice operator of East Lyme. Mr. Rogers, in his testimony before the court, said that not long after his wedding he began to notice that his wife exhibited a warmer affection for Luce than she did for himself. He once saw Luce caressing her, and again he saw her combing her brother-in-law's hair. She seemed to use the comb very lovingly.

Soon afterward he reproached her with "turning the honey of his life into gall," and begged her to confess. On her promise to confess and do better, John forgave Terry, and for a time the current of their life flowed serenely.

Again he was startled by a revival of her passion for Luce, and again he reproached her. She begged on her knees and with weeping tears that he forgive her, and he did so. Then he sent for Luce and charged him with pursuing his wife's affections. He said to Luce that Mrs. Rogers had confessed her remissness, and thereupon Luce replied that if she was weak enough to make such a statement he could not help it. Mr. Luce added that if Mr. Rogers wanted any satisfaction he was ready to accompany Mr. Rogers to the woods and satisfy him with a duel. Mr. Rogers intimated that he was opposed to duelling, but insisted upon getting some satisfaction.

Soon after the talk about the duel, Rogers alleges that Luce again visited his home in his absence. He (Rogers) then peremptorily warned his wife that if she "had anything more to do with Luce he would turn her out of doors." He forbade her even to notice Luce or to "shake hands with him."

Soon afterward Mrs. Rogers met Luce at church, greeted him cordially, and shook hands with him. Mr. Rogers became very angry and no appeals of his wife could soften him. He took the key of his home from his pocket and in the presence of the worshippers handed it to her, saying that she "might quit." Then he turned to Luce and told him to come around next day with his ox-cart and take Mrs. Rogers away with "her things." Luce accordingly came around next day with his ox-cart and carried Mrs. Rogers away. Mr. Rogers' testimony was supported by several witnesses.

Mr. Luce and Mrs. Rogers testified on the stand that all the trouble was caused by the unreasonable jealousy of Rogers. Mrs. Rogers denied that she made any confession to her husband, and added that she quit him simply because his jealous disposition was intolerable. After her departure she had dwelt with her brother-in-law, Mr. Luce. The Hon. Augustus Brandegee was counsel for Mr. Rogers, and the Hon. T. M. Waller for Mrs. Rogers. No decision has been reached.

AN ELOPEMENT SPOILED.

The Old Folks at Home Compel Their Romantic Daughter to Tarry with Them a Little Longer.

[Subject of Illustration]

The ways of young couples whose parents are opposed to their matrimonial schemes are full of trouble and perplexity. But love generally manages to surmount all obstacles in the long run. A couple near Scranton, Pa., met with a pretty big difficulty last week while attempting an elopement. The mother of the young lady by some means or other learned that her daughter was going to elope on a certain night and entered into a little scheme with her husband to upset the fair girl's plans. Her lover was to place a ladder up to the balcony of the parental mansion, and while the old folks were in the land of dreams, she would descend, join her Romeo, and fly to a region where opposition to matrimony was unknown. Up to a certain period all went well.

The young man had just got up on the ladder when he heard a noise and felt something tighten on his leg. So eager was he to greet his prospective bride, that he paid no heed, but mounted up to where she stood awaiting his assistance. Just as he extended his arms, he felt a jerk of a rope, the window behind his loved one opened, and she, too, felt a jerk behind.

She landed inside her room, while "Romeo, gentle Romeo," lay sprawling on the ground beside a fierce-looking old man. The old folks held the winning cards, and played them right.

Women, bless 'em! They haven't got any torch-light processions to arrange or campaigns to take care of, or anybody to elect; but then they have to work two hours every day to get on a skin-tight "Jersey" in order to appear stylish on the street.

MARKS' GIRL.

Who Liked to Smoke Cigarettes, and Who Did—How Mr. Sparks Attempted Some Funny Business, and Lost His Hat—Explaining Also What Happened to Mr. Marks in Consequence.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Cigarette smoking has come to be acknowledged a perfect ladylike accomplishment, and our society belles are now as devoted worshippers of the weed almost as the ruder gender that pays court to them. But like the barber who didn't object to shaving a coalheaver but who wouldn't defile his razor by scraping the cheek of a chimney-sweep with it, the line has got to be drawn somewhere and Mr. Marks draws his at a beer saloon.

In plain English Mr. Marks does not object to his fiance smoking cigarettes in the sanctity of her boudoir, especially as he appreciates the value of tobacco himself and argues that when they occupy that boudoir in common she would kick at his smelling of billiard room cigars when he comes home at 2 A. M., in the morning.

But she has no right to ventilate her nicotine tastes in public, he says.

And that is just what she has been doing.

It seems that according to the report which is now agitating metropolitan society to its centre, wherever that may be, Mr. Marks, who is a promising young lawyer—a very promising one—if his creditors may be believed, has been for over a year engaged to Miss Tally, a lady of our first society. Miss Tally has a weakness for the lighter pleasures of life, and it has been her custom to indulge in them. Mr. Mr. Marks, who is a studious person, devoted to the unravelling of tangled legal facts, is an earnest reader and takes little pleasure in the giddy whirl of local novelty. Consequently Miss Tally finds herself often alone, and when her lover does come to see her she expects her to sit in the parlor and be pumped full of statistics until she feels like an art gallery.

At least so she alleges.

But that is not the species of capillary impaler she is by any means. She likes fun and she is bound to have it.

Consequently when Mr. Marks isn't around to take her to the theatre, Mr. Sparks is.

Of course there isn't any harm in this, for isn't Mr. Sparks her own cousin. And did anyone ever hear of a cousin's attentions being anything but honorable, especially when he backed them up with a full wallet and saved a sweetheart no end of expense? If they ever did hear of it they must be like Mr. Sparks and deserve no better fate than he met with the other night.

In the face of a solemn promise to escort his lady to the American Institute Fair and explain to her the manifold utilities of patent combination cupboard beds and sideboard cradles, he had the adamantine nerve to send his office boy up-town with a note informing her that he had to devour enough cake that night to make quite a Little-ton of concrete caloric. At about the same time Mr. Sparks turned up with a couple of good seats for Wallack's. So Miss Sally very naturally went to see what she could see in that historic temple of the drama.

After the show Mr. Sparks hinted—at beer. Miss Sally suggested Frankfurters and potato salad. When such extremes meet it is no wonder that they ended in a favorite Fourteenth street beer palace. They had reached the ninth beer, and Miss Sally had her cigar ette in her mouth and her feet on Mr. Spark's knee (a liberty no own cousin could object to of course), when Mr. Sparks suddenly experienced what a Frenchman would call an "accession of violence" on the crown of his hat.

The origin of the accession aforesaid was Mr. Marks, and the direct factor was a waiter he had snatched from a contiguous attendant's hand. On his

FRAUDS AND FOOLS.

How the Former Steal the Livery of Heaven to Send the Latter the Other Way—Or Up-ward.

THE MILK IN THE COCONUT.

Bogus Doctors, Their System of *Materia Medica*, and Queer Modes of Practice.

WE'RE ARRANT KNAVES, ALL OF US.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It was an old Kentucky farmer who, when his son had attained his majority, and was on the point of going off to seek his fortune, gave him the following advice: "My son, let your whole aim in life be to get money. Get it honestly if you can. If you can't get it honestly, get it as you can. Only get it."

It is not to the point to weigh this advice either from a moral or business view. Everyone who has trusted with the vicissitudes of life has an opinion on the matter, which argument cannot upset.

But one thing is very evident; that old Kentuckian has either sent a great many sons out into the world, or the son in question became an apostle of his father's doctrine and proselytized an army of disciples to it who have all engaged in the medical business as specialists of one kind or another.

The devil takes care of his own, and generally clears the way of all obstruction to their advancement in any scheme which they may put in operation.

In the bogus medical business one of his satanic majesty's most powerful auxiliaries was "Dr." John Buchanan late of the Philadelphia Medical College, now residing in Moyamensing prison.

He could turn out "doctors" by the thousand, at \$25 per head.

Being "physicians" of the baser sort, the "skill" of these charlatans is always employed in diseases of a hidden and base nature. Private ailments are generally their most fertile field of operations. Specialists in this line can be divided into two classes. First: Frauds, who have while residing in South America or Timbuctoo, or among the Indians, learned the secret of the merits of certain herbs. This class, if their word is to be believed, are the most philanthropic creatures on the top of the footstool. They were grievously afflicted—in fact were on the verge of the grave, when they learned the precious secret regarding these wonderful herbs as curatives. They used them, and were restored to a condition of robust health. Out of gratitude to God and love for their fellow-men they desire to make known to the world the wonderful secret. Strange to say these reservoirs of "humanitarianism" always neglect to inform their credulous patients that while in these uncivilized wilds they also learned the secret of how the "milk got into the cocoanut." The patient, however, while learning the secret regarding these "herbs" finds out the lacteal secret himself, but his pocket-book becomes worthless and his health a minus quantity as the price.

Gentle, or otherwise reader, the GAZETTE lovingly advises you to let this species of medical fraud as severely alone as you would a small-pox hospital. If you have sinned against nature, as the best of us are liable to do, and are suffering the consequences, consult a physician of integrity, experience and skill.

The second class of frauds, is not quite so bad as the first, regarded from a sanitary point of view. Their system of *materia medica* is the magnetic plan, or laying on of hands. To prepare oneself for this branch of the "profession" careful and rigid avoidance of a barber shop or the use of a razor is necessary. Hirsute adornments of abundant proportions lend an air of weirdness and supernaturalness to the practitioner. Once having grown a long, flowing crop of hair on the face and head, the "magnetic doctor" purchases an electric battery, secures a room on some prominent street, furnishes it in gorgeous style, and is ready for business. A suffering public is informed through the medium of the press that "Dr." Skinem, the "seventh son of a seventh son," is ready and able to make immortality a glorious reality on this mundane sphere. The population of heaven and the other place will remain in *status quo* if all who are afflicted with disease will come and be surcharged with his superabundance of electricity.

And right here we might as well let the reader into the secret of how "Dr." Skinem became such a Jove, with such an inexhaustible store of electricity. An electric battery placed in a closet, with wires running to the chair where the patient sits to be pawed over and rubbed down, and a jolly Milesian at the crank to "forge the bolts," explains the wonderful magnetic power of the seventh son.

Women are proverbially credulous, which accounts for the fact that the majority of "Dr." Skinem's patients are of the weaker sex. Miss Montmorency has, or imagines she has, an affection of the heart—which is not all surprising. "Dr." Skinem announces in his advertisement that he has performed some cures in connection with this organ, but little short o-

miraculous. He can, if necessary, produce testimonials from patients all over the world attesting his skill.

And some of the patients can do likewise.

Miss Montmorency reads the "doctor's" lies, believes them, is treated to a "shock" from the battery, has her pocket-book "shocked" \$10 lighter, and thinks she is improving.

There are hundreds of dupes just like her. No wonder that "the doctor" can afford to board at the best hotels and drive a fine team on the road. By fools and fraud he thrives. There are scores of "him" in this city and all over the country.

Credulous and afflicted reader, if you must get "shocked" go over to the Bowery and pay "Dr." Skinem's carbstone competitor ten cents.

It's only a difference of nine dollars and ninety cents in your favor, with the same sanitary result.

You pays your money, and you takes your choice. That's how the milk gets into the cocoanut.

THE WORST OF CRIMES.

An Abortionist in the Toils at Kansas City—The Proof of Her Murderous Work Overwhelming—Two of the Victims Lying at the Point of Death.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 22.—A series of horrible crimes were brought to light at police headquarters to-night, resulting in the arrest of a notorious woman named Sarah A. King, whose place of residence the last directory gives as 106 East Fifth street, and her incarceration in a cell last night on a charge of abortion, one of the most revolting in the annals of sin. Her occupation is stated to be that of a magnetic healer, and under this guise she has been carrying on her nefarious business right under the eyes of the police. During the past few weeks she has occupied rooms at the old Mound City House, opposite the Central Station, and there she was arrested to day on a state warrant by Officer McCorkle. The complaint on which the arrest was made was sworn out before Justice Allen by Peter Brodzan, a German, residing in a little frame shanty on West Fifth street, just east of the Palisade Hotel, who avers that this woman performed an operation from which his wife is now lying at the point of death. Chief of Police Speers and City Physician Jenkins went to an upper room in the Mound City Hotel, where, upon a bed, writhing in horrible agony, was a young, misguided girl scarce seventeen years of age, also a victim of Mrs. King's practice. Here was the oft-repeated story of loving not wisely but too well, and to conceal her shame she consented to receive treatment from this self-proclaimed magnetic healer.

On Thursday afternoon word was received at police headquarters that a German woman was dying in a little house on West Fifth street, from the effects of an abortion, and an investigation was immediately ordered. Upon going to the locality it was found that the story was true, and from Dr. Hartley the following facts were obtained: On Tuesday last he was called upon to prescribe for Mrs. Brodzan, said to be suffering from chills. He called, and at once discovered the true facts in the case, and called Dr. Elston to assist in the matter. On examination it was found that the woman was suffering from the effects of an abortion produced by instruments, and that she was in a dangerous and critical condition. On these statements and those of the husband of the woman, Sarah King was arrested. When taken before Chief Speers she denied having done more than any magnetic healer is supposed to do, and claims that when called upon by Mrs. Brodzan she found her ill from an abortion, and only administered medicine to deaden the pain. The evidence of the dying woman is unimpeachable, however; the abortionist's story will go for naught.

She states that about two weeks ago she did call upon Mrs. King to assist her in getting rid of an unborn child; that Mrs. King did so assist, but before so doing demanded \$25, which was paid, when she used instruments on two occasions. The husband knew nothing of this, but on Monday last, when his wife became alarmingly ill, she confessed everything to him. Then he called upon Dr. Hartley. Mrs. Brodzan stated also that she first heard of Mrs. King through some lewd women who were living in the frame building on the north side of Fifth street at the intersection of Bluff, and that she readily consented to assist her. Several physicians have been in attendance upon the sick woman, and her recovery is looked upon as an impossibility. There is one chance in a hundred. While at the Central Station Mrs. King said there was a sick girl in her room at the hotel, and City Physician Jenkins was sent to make an examination. In the woman's room, was found a young girl about sixteen years old in a delirious condition from an abortion. During her lucid moments she stated that Mrs. King was the person who performed upon her. She claims to have been seduced by a man named Richards, from Leavenworth, Kan., and was brought to this city by him on Saturday last. Her case is also a dangerous one, but not necessarily fatal. Mrs. King has been locked up.

"THEY MUST GO."

How a Mixed Marriage Was Prevented by Croton Water.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Chinaman named Ah Lee last week entered a complaint against an old couple in Madison street, this city, of malicious mischief. The Celestial, by some means only known to Cupid, had made an impression on the daughter of the old folks. Notwithstanding the coolness of the evenings, himself and his amanuensis, who is of Milesian extraction, were wont to sit on the front stoop and pour their tales of love into each other's ears. The old folks did not relish the idea of having a Chinese son-in-law, and gave the pair a ducking from out the story window above. Ah Lee wanted satisfaction, but did not get it. The old man vowed that he will not fare so well on another visit.

WILL THERE BE ANOTHER SHOT-GUN MATINEE?

Revival of the Sprague-Conkling Rum-pus—Some Alleged Facts Which Look Suspicious.

[With Portraits.]

The Sprague-Conkling scandal, which so thoroughly excited social and political circles, has been revived by the action which friends and advisors of Kate Chase Sprague have taken in Providence, R. I., during the past week, and this action has brought to the surface many new and startling developments.

It is generally known that all Mrs. Sprague's friends are bitter enemies of the ex-governor, and that they have tried in every way to crush him. But he is still defiant. The new action originated with Mr. A. Corbin, of New York, a cousin of Kate's, who, acting under power of attorney, telegraphed to Mr. Chaffee, trustee of the Sprague manufacturing firm, to take possession of a portion of the property at Connecticut, where the ex-governor has been living since Kate fled. In her behalf Chaffee, who is inimical to Sprague, appointed Robert Thompson as custodian of the place, at Canonchet, and authorized him to issue a writ of replevin, which, however, he has not yet served for reasons which are shown.

The news reached Mr. Sprague and he at once took down the famous shot-gun, and, intrenching himself in the beautiful mansion, now calmly awaits the coming of the replevins. He has been worked up to a degree of frenzy and exasperation which is without parallel. He solemnly proclaims that no man shall set foot within Canonchet with any business such as Messrs. Sprague and Corbin have started. Thus far the custodian has had the fear of the shot-gun policy before him and has not served the writ.

Mr. Sprague swears that the man who tries to enter the place will be shot down like a cur. He is securely entrenched, and will hold no parley with any one. This new phase of the matter has recalled many new elements in the case.

Roscoe Conkling, who has been stumping in Indiana, is known to have been in company with Mrs. Sprague during a part of his travels. While returning to Buffalo he occupied a drawing-room car, the doors of which were kept securely locked during the entire trip, and when the train reached Buffalo, Mrs. Sprague suddenly appeared. A gentleman named Seymour, who has been a friend of the family, was in Buffalo at the time. Roscoe and Kate were there, and called upon Mrs. Sprague.

This information he has just imparted to the ex-governor, who is further frenzied thereby, and cries for the blood of Conkling. This situation of affairs has brought to light the primary chapter in the Sprague-Conkling embroilment, which has hitherto been kept an inviolate secret. This is not the first time Roscoe has violated the home circle of Sprague. Some years ago he insinuated himself into the fireside circle and became so open in his caresses of the fair Kate that her husband was aroused and became so wild at the thought of his wife's perfidy that he would have rehearsed the Sickles-Key tragedy then and there but for the interference of friends.

Sprague would not, however, sit down idly under the insult, and after a day or two had passed, and his terrible passion had somewhat cooled, he sent a challenge to Conkling, which was in due time accepted and preliminaries were at once arranged by mutual friends. Seconds were chosen, surgeons selected and the tragic affair reached such a point that the ground was fixed upon. At the interposition of friends they again stopped the affair, with Sprague's consent, upon one unalterable condition, that Roscoe Conkling should never again invade Sprague's home circle. To this Conkling agreed, and the ex-governor then gave him warning that if ever Conkling was caught near his place in Rhode Island he would shoot him as he would a dog.

How far Conkling abided by his secret pledge to the plucky little governor is illustrated in his appearance at Canonchet in the summer of 1878, and the renewal of his attentions to Mrs. Sprague. With his escapade there the country is familiar, as it also is with the decisive manner in which Sprague proposed to keep his word of two years ago. The time intervening between the day when Sprague and Conkling proposed to abide by the code and the renewal of Conkling's advances to Kate is thus shown to have been but a few months. Mrs. Sprague has been missed from her usual haunts for some time past. She has ostensibly been traveling for her health, but her discovery at the same hotel in Buffalo with Conkling betrays the secret of the manner in which she has been doing so. Mr. Seymour, who discovered her, is a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and has been a warm friend of ex-Governor and Mrs. Sprague.

That she was in Buffalo with Conkling cannot be doubted, when Mr. Seymour says that he had a social chat with her at the hotel. A day or two ago Sprague, thinking it would be a pleasure to his son Willie to visit his mother, who was supposed to be in Washington, and the boy wishing to go, he telegraphed Mrs. Sprague to know if it would be agreeable for him to have Willie for a few days. He received a reply that Mrs. Sprague was away traveling, and that any business the ex-governor had to do with Mrs. Sprague must be done through her legal representative.

MISS FLYNN'S LOVER.

Successfully Combining Courting With the Study of Medicine—"Let Us See How it Operates."

Miss Mary Flynn of Troy, N. Y., was studying medicine and being courted at the same time. Mr. William Budd was attending to the latter part of the business. One evening while they were sitting together in the parlor Mr. Budd was thinking how he should manage to propose. Miss Flynn was explaining certain physiological facts to him.

"Do you know," she said, "that thousands of per-

sons are actually ignorant that they smell with their olfactory peduncle?"

"Millions of 'em," replied Mr. Budd.

"And Aunt Mary wouldn't believe me when I told her she couldn't wink without a sphincter muscle!"

"How unreasonable!"

"Why a person cannot kiss without a sphincter!"

"Indeed?"

"I know it is so!"

"May I try, if I can?"

"Oh, Mr. Budd, it is too bad for you to make light of such a subject."

Then he tried it, and while he held her hand she explained to him about the muscles of that portion of the human body.

"It is remarkable how much you know about those things," said Mr. Budd—"really wonderful. Now, for example, what is the bone at the back of the head called?"

"Why, the occipital bone, of course."

"And what are the names of the muscles of the arm?"

"The spiralis and the infra-spiralis, among others."

"Well, now, let me show you what I mean. When I put my infra-spiralis around your waist so, is it your occipital bone that rests upon my shoulder-blade in this way?"

"My back hair, primarily, but the occipital bone, of course, afterward. But, oh, Mr. Budd, suppose should come in and see us!"

"Let him come! Who cares?" said Mr. Budd, boldly. "I think I'll exercise a sphincter and take a kiss."

"Mr. Budd, how can you?" said Miss Flynn, after he had performed the feat.

"Don't call me Mr. Budd; call me Willie," he said, drawing her closer. "You accept me, don't you? I know you do, darling."

"Willie," whispered Miss Flynn, very faintly.

"What, darling?"

"I can hear your heart beat."

"It beats only for you, my angel."

"And it sounds out of order. The ventricular contraction is not uniform."

"Small wonder for that when it's bursting for joy."

"You must put yourself under treatment for it. I will give you some medicine."

"It's your own property, darling; do what you like with it. But somehow the sphincter operation is one that strikes me most favorably. Let us again see how it operates."

But why proceed? The old, old story!

HOW THEY DO IT AMONG THE HINDOOS.

Marriages Which Generally Produce a Good Crop of Misery.

A mere boy and girl, who perhaps have never met before, are brought together as man and wife, without their consent being asked or given, and by the arbitrary injunctions of their parents. Any previous attachment is impossible among the Hindoos; yet Lachshmi is the goddess of beauty and love, who, like Greek Aphrodite, sprang from the white froth of the ocean.

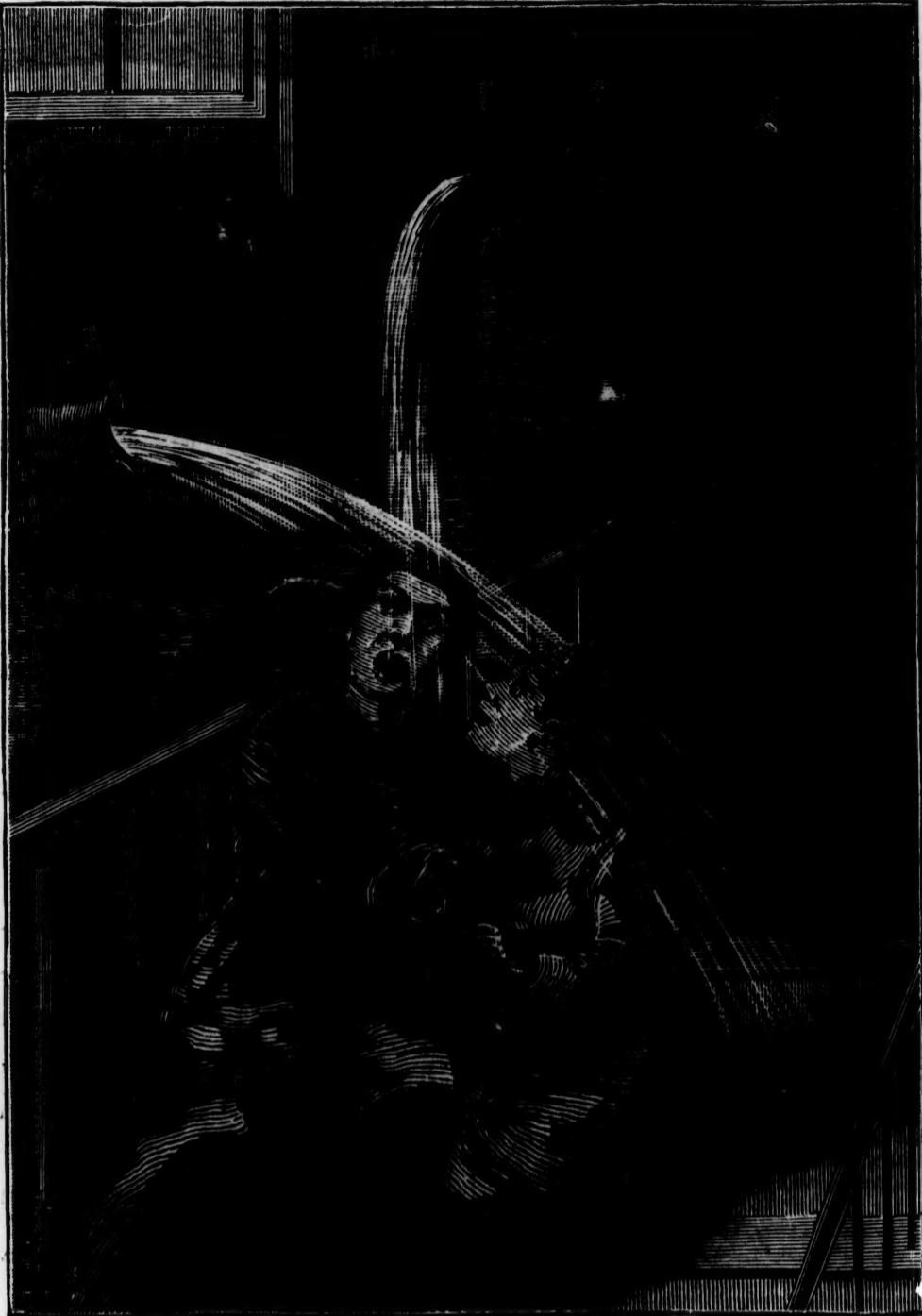
Influenced by selfish motives or by family pride, the loveless marriage will be celebrated with a pomp and splendor, which tax the family exchequer to the utmost, and perhaps leave them all drowned in debt. The extreme youth in which the contracting parties are mated, together with local customs, renders it almost impossible that the affections of either can be otherwise engaged; hence there is no room for the discord occasioned by ill-assorted marriages in Europe.

In accepting her husband for better or for worse, without being consulted in the matter, the little Hindoo bride only follows the immemorial customs of her country, all unconscious that the least injustice is done her, and, if kindly treated by her husband, becomes reconciled to the routine of life, and will repay his kindness with a love that errs only in its excess. Yet she is a slave, rather than the helpmate of her husband; she dare not share his meals, but must stand in attendance on him when he eats, and however harsh his usages, must endure it with patience and silent resignation, for "the law, so far from affording any legal relief, expressly declares that no degree of worthlessness on his part can either dissolve the marriage or justify her in refusing to yield him the utmost deference as her lord and master." Yet the marriage is not indissoluble, for, if the husband wishes for freedom, the most frivolous pretext may be seized for degrading, supplanting, and turning the luckless wife adrift; and polygamy being legal, the husband may select wife after wife as long as he pleases.

Under such a system, virtue can neither flourish, nor domestic happiness be understood, as the peace and purity of the Hindoo home are often destroyed by the natural jealousy of rival spouses, and the conflicting interest of their rival offspring. However, suttee is abolished, female infanticide suppressed, and the right to re-marry, instead of immolating herself on a funeral pile, has been granted to the Hindoo widow.

Not Dead, But Sleeping.

[Subject of Illustration.] Tombstone, Arizona, contrary to its name, must be a very lively town according to a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent. Revolvers are considered a necessary adjunct to every man's outfit. But the people are not so sanguinary as the carrying of these weapons would imply. They are practical jokers of a very pronounced type. Their wives generally find full play with tramps who fill up with "jig water" until the load becomes so heavy that they lie down on the public streets to rest. One of these worthies was made to play the role of a corpse recently. He was laid out in style, and a placard "For sale" placed on his breast. At his head was a cross. He slept the sleep of the boozy, undisturbed by any of his watchers.



A MOON-EYED HEATHEN WHILE COURTING AN "ILISH GLAL" ON THE FRONT STOOP HAS HIS ARDOR DAMPENED BY THE "OULD FOLKS"; NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 7.



NO WHITE TRASH NEED APPLY—A COLORED ADONIS AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND., ASSERTS HIS CLAIM TO BE THE ESCORT OF A PRETTY DANCER WITH THE AID OF A PISTOL.—SEE PAGE 11.



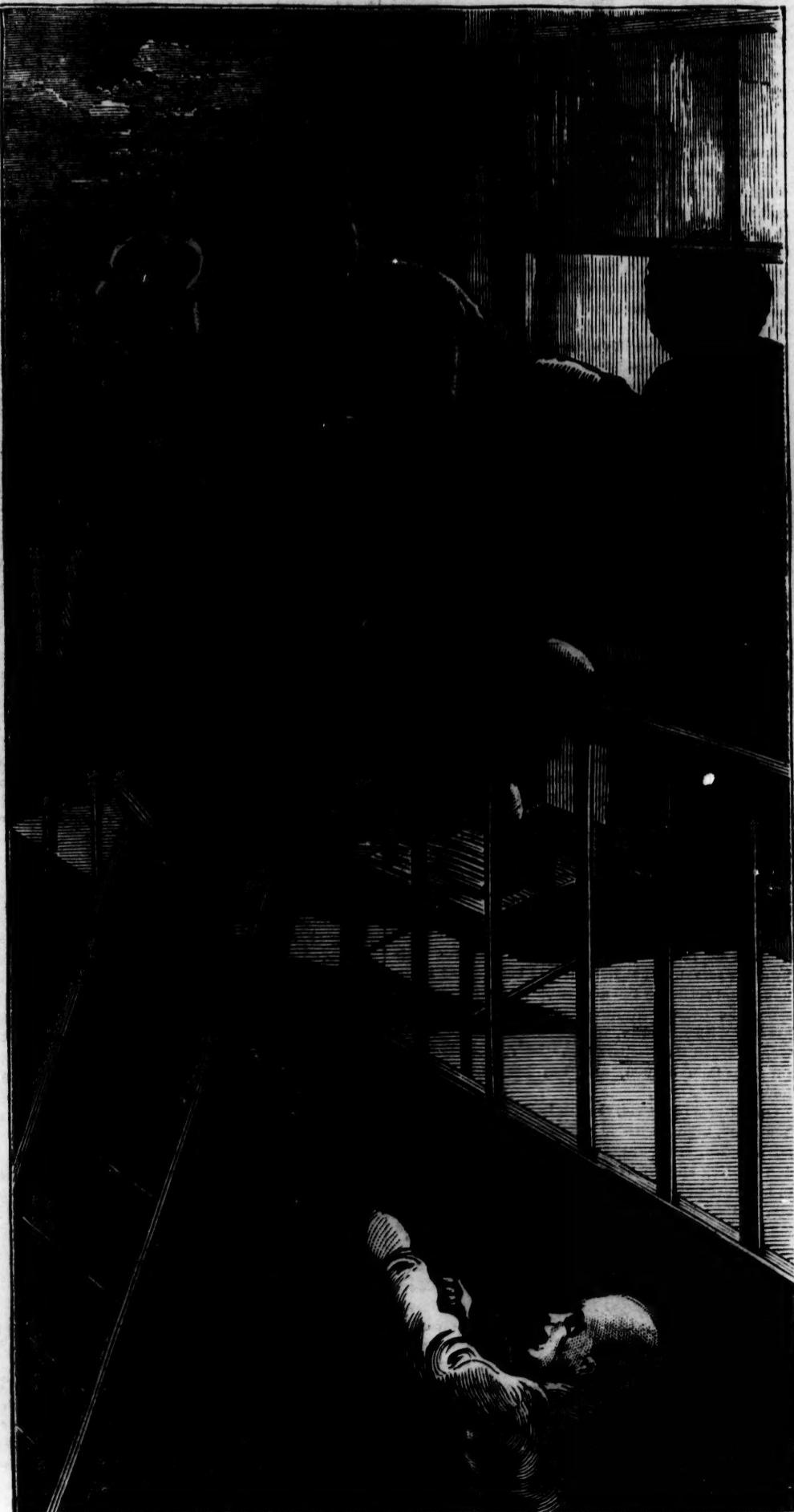
MAGNETIC DOCTORS, AND HOW THEY "SHOCK" THEIR PATIENTS WITH CURRENTS OF ELECTRICITY—A FRAUD WHICH IS PRACTICED ON DUPES WHO PATRONIZE "THE SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON."—SEE PAGE 7.



A COUPLE OF SCOTCH LADDIES, DRESSED IN HIGHLAND COSTUME, ENTER A DRY GOODS STORE, AND SHOCK AN ANCIENT MAIDEN BY THE ABSENCE OF ANY COVERING TO THEIR LIMBS; NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 11.



A DRUNKEN MAN LASOOS A SPECTATOR AT A BALLOON ASCENSION, AND SEES HIS VICTIM NARROWLY ESCAPE A TRIP HEAVENWARD; WARSAW, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 6.



DIFFICULTY AT BOTH ENDS—AN ELOPING COUPLE FIND THEIR PLAN UPSET BY THE VIGILANCE OF THE YOUNG LADY'S FATHER AND MOTHER; NEAR SCRANTON, PA.—SEE PAGE 6.

NELLIE'S FOLLY.

An Heiress to Three Millions Abandons Her Husband and Children.

A CURBSTONE BROKER'S CATCH.

A Successful Abduction of a Child From a Life of Misery.

A CASE FOR REMORSE.

A woman's shame, a trusting husband's dishonor, an elopement and a divorce suit—all surrounded by the essential features which form the foundations of the traditional French society play, were the facts which came to light in the upper ten circles in this city a few days ago.

The woman in the case is a buxom blonde of twenty-eight, handsome and vivacious, and the mother of three little children. The daughter of the late A. C. Yates, a millionaire residing on Fifth avenue, near Forty-fifth street, she was brought up in a manner befitting her station in life, and surrounded by all the luxuries that money lavishly squandered could purchase.

Ten years ago Miss Nellie Yates (the maiden name of the erring wife) was married to Mr. James W. Hagan, a well-to-do manufacturing jeweler of this city, and bore him three children, all girls, aged respectively four, six and eight years. Mr. Hagan freely lavished his money on his wife, and for years they lived happily.

A year ago they moved into sumptuous apartments in a fashionable apartment house at 74 West Forty-fifth street. Mr. Hagan's business called him away from town frequently and for long periods, and he was compelled to leave his wife with her children and servants alone at home.

He had no cause to suspect his wife's fidelity until within a month, when he came home unexpectedly and met his wife in company with a stranger strolling in Central Park. This and other incidents which came to his knowledge aroused his suspicions, and he employed Detective O'Connell of Brooklyn to watch his wife, to see if they were well founded. As formerly, he took her frequently to places of amusement, and invariably noticed that the stranger in whose company he had met her in the Park seemed to dog their footsteps.

He said nothing, but awaited the detective's report, which soon came with a force of proof that was overpowering. He learned that his wife's companion was a Wall street "curbstone" broker named Louis C. Dobson, and that during his absence from the city he had been living in his house and was supposed by many people to be her husband. There was no disguising the fact any longer, and Mr. Hagan listened incredulously to the tale which the detective narrated.

In March last, Dobson, according to his statement, saw Mrs. Hagan at a theatre, followed her home and then addressed a note to her. She replied, and an intimacy sprang up; Dobson sent her flowers daily, to which he is now indebted to a Fifth avenue florist to the amount of \$50 and another florist for a less amount.

Mrs. Hagan understood from him that he was a millionaire, and resided at the Windsor Hotel. He came for her frequently behind a pair of trotters and took her up on the road, giving her to understand that they were his property, but Ryerson & Brown, proprietors of the Windsor stables, state that Mr. Dobson still owes them \$278 for the hire of that same pair of horses. Grapes and fruit were also sent to the lady by her admirer, and she was escorted by him to Dickel's Riding School, where she took lessons, as she told her husband, in horseback riding for the benefit of her health.

When Mr. Hagan learned of all this and the facts from his servants that Dobson had been living in his house and acting as the master of it during his absence, he became almost crazed. He at once taxed his wife with infidelity, and she, although not admitting it, asked for a separation. An extremely painful scene then ensued, and the husband left the house.

On the same evening, the 6th inst., Mrs. Hagan left her home, taking with her eight trunks containing her dresses, silverware, pictures, bronzes, statuary and wearing apparel valued at over \$5,000 belonging to her husband, together with her six-year old daughter, Nellie. When Mr. Hagan came home and found his house stripped of everything and his wife and child gone he became almost insane.

The detective he had employed searched high and low for the erring woman, and on the following Monday found her residing at the Irving House on Broadway, with Dobson, who had registered himself as "L. C. Dobson, wife and child." The husband was at once apprised of Detective McConnell's discovery, and in company with him watched the hotel. In the evening Dobson, in company with Mrs. Hagan and her child, emerged from the hotel, and, dogged by the wronged husband and the detective, walked up to Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh street, where they entered a fashionable boarding house and seated themselves on a piazza for the purpose of witnessing the Grant parade. After watching a long time from the opposite side of the street, Mr. Hagan and the detective saw Mrs. Hagan carry the child into the

parlor and lay it on a sofa. The detective and the husband then awaited their opportunity, and while everybody was engrossed with the parade slipped into the house. The child was asleep, and without losing a moment the father picked up his little one and darted into the street, while the detective stood guard to prevent any one from following him. A woman who saw Mr. Hagan leaving the house with the child screamed and apprised the mother that something was wrong. She rushed into the parlor, followed by Dobson, and saw her child was gone and the detective in the center of the room. At once realizing what had happened, she shrieked:

"My child! where is my child?" and fell fainting to the floor. The boarding house was in an uproar when it was learned that the child had been stolen. The husband ran homeward with the child hugged to his breast, and as he reached his house a cab rattled to the door, and his wife leaped from it greatly agitated, while Dobson remained in the vehicle. She sprang toward her husband, screaming:

"Give me my child; you stole my child. For God's sake only let me kiss it."

Spraying her aside, the husband replied:

"That child you shall never again see in this world," and closed the door on her. Weeping she returned to the cab, and the detective then served her with the papers in a divorce suit her husband had begun. She drove away, but tried again ineffectually to obtain possession of the child. On Thursday she applied, through her lawyers, for a writ of habeas corpus in the supreme court for the recovery of the child, which was granted, but as yet has not been served.

On Monday week Mr. Yates, the father of Mrs. Hagan, who had learned from his son-in-law the story of his wrongs, was prostrated with an attack of heart disease, from which he died in a few days. His will, which was read at his residence on Fifth avenue, bequeathed to his daughter a large portion of his vast estate—the principal of which is entailed on her children. A portion of the statuary and bronzes which had been carried away by Mrs. Hagan was recovered by the detective, who found it in pledge with a well-known jeweler on Broadway, with whom Dobson left them for a loan of \$150, stating that his father-in-law had just died, and that he would redeem the articles as soon as he received the money from his estate.

HELLO, DARLING; TAKE A DRINK'

A Villainous Attempt by a Negress to Decoy a Girl Into a Life of Shame.

An outrageous attempt to wreck the life of a young girl from East Liverpool, O., has just been brought to the attention of the police authorities of Cleveland. The intended victim of this design—a girl about 17 years of age—appeared at the police headquarters and asked for protection. She related the following story:

"I live in East Liverpool, Ohio. My father is a German by birth, and works in a pottery. About four weeks ago Clara Woodruff, an unmarried mulatto woman about 30 years of age, who had been a seamstress and housekeeper for several months in East Liverpool, went to Cleveland. A week ago Tuesday she returned and told me that she was going back to Cleveland soon, and if I wanted a place to work she would get me one. She said she knew a family that wanted a girl, and they would pay \$3 a week. She said that she was going right back to Cleveland, and that I could go with her. My parents told me that I might go, and the next day we started. When we got to the depot a colored man met us, who seemed to be acquainted with Clara. He said if we would wait half an hour he could take us where we wanted to go. After a short time he came back and put us in a close carriage. We got out at a house on a steep hill and went into the kitchen. Clara said that this was the place where they wanted a girl. I stayed in the kitchen about an hour, and finally a woman came in, whom Clara called Rose. She asked me if I wanted a place. I told her that I did. She said she would pay me well, and told me to lay off my things and go into the front room. I went into the front room. They were selling whisky there, and two colored men stood by the counter. One of them said: 'Hello, darling; come and take a drink.' I said I did not want to drink, and started to go back to find the woman who owned the house. The men would not let me go, and tried to make me drink. Afterward one of them tried to get me to go into the next room with him. The woman they called Ross came in and told me to go along; that he would give me lots of money. I saw what kind of a place I was in, and I was very much frightened. I did not know what to do. I remembered that Mr. Thomas Kinney, a man I once worked for in Akron, lived somewhere in the city, and I thought if I could get to him it would be all right. I started to run out of the front door, but they held me back. After a while I told the woman I wanted to go out to buy something, but she told me I lied. When there was no one near I started out again, and got out of the door into the street. They did not follow me, and I wandered for a long time in the street. Near the Square I met Mr. Rivers, who took me to his home on River street."

The house to which the girl was taken is one of the lowest dives in the city.

Wade and His Paramour.

[With Portraits.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., October 25.—The attorneys for Wade and Mrs. Brown have filed petitions with the Governor for a delay of execution long enough for the Supreme Court to examine the cases. The Judges of the Supreme Court have also made a statement to the Governor that they will not be able to consider these cases before the 5th of November. Governor Williams is not in the city, having gone home for a day or two, but is understood to have expressed a willingness to give the condemned thirty days' respite in order that the Supreme Court may hear their cases. Both were sentenced to be hung on the 27th inst.

THE STORY OF A WILD MAN.

Said to be Living in the Pennsylvania Woods—Roaming in the Forests for Forty-five Years Without Clothing.

A veritable "wild man of the woods" is said to inhabit the forest in Eastern Pennsylvania, of whom the Newcastle correspondent of the Pittsburgh Leader gives the following account: In the year 18—there moved to this country from Germany a couple, man and wife, by the name of Harrier, who took up their abode in the eastern part of the state.

They had several children born to them while in the East, and in the year 1820 they removed to this county and settled on a farm in the northern part, where one of their children, James, who is now eighty years old, resides. About three months ago the mother died at the extreme age of one hundred and five years. The family, being of German descent, speak very little English, and consequently live very secluded. At the time of the death of the old lady many of the neighbors, taking advantage of the opportunity offered, visited the place, more from curiosity than from an honest, sympathetic motive, and many stories were current of the peculiarity of the family at large.

The husband of Mrs. Harrier died some years ago at the age of one hundred and five years, while his father, who lived in Germany, reached the age of one hundred and fifteen years.

The eldest son is eighty years of age, and wields the ax and handles the plow with as much vigor as any man in the neighborhood with but half the number of years. His hours of labor are from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. William, the younger brother, is a wonderful strange being.

The story of this person, which I shall reproduce, was related by one who had made special inquiry concerning him of one of the members of the family to the writer.

While living in the East, William, whose age is not exactly known, was a mere child just learning to walk, when an old woman who was *non compos mentis*, angered by the insults of other persons, raised a club and struck him on the head, from which time he was never known to utter an intelligent word. When the Harriers moved to this county, William was yet a small boy, although he could be managed, and was compelled to wear clothing, and he ran about engaging in simplest sports. He gradually became very distant, even with members of the family, and as he grew beyond their power to restrain, he refused to wear the clothing that was put upon him, and if they ever did succeed in getting him dressed, he would tear away from them and return in an hour or so naked. His clothing would be found in the woods or on the hill torn to shreds. The family finally abandoned even the thought of trying to keep his body covered, and for the last forty-five years he has been running exposed to the scorching sun in summer and winter blasts until his body is a dark brown color, and covered with a thick coat of long, shaggy black hair.

The house in which the Harriers live is a little one-storyed frame house, and stands among a thick cluster of blackberry bushes in a stony section, about one hundred yards from the road. To the main part of the house there has been attached a small shanty, the door of which opens into the kitchen of the main building; this is the winter quarters of the wild man. He always goes to his winter home reluctantly, and when occasion presents itself breaks out and joins the companions of his summer house, although this is very seldom, as a heavy bolt secures the door upon the outside.

It cannot be said of this man, although he knows nothing, that he does not enjoy life. In his dungeon he has a pleasant countenance, which shines out through his shaggy beard of half a century.

When at his liberty in summer he capers about from place to place digging roots, and he and the animals of the farm form one common society. As we said before, the family live very secluded, and old men in the immediate neighborhood say that, although they have been watching for this strange being for many years, they have failed to see him.

He is very mischievous, and always has his eye open for passing strangers. Sportsmen who have been in the Harrier neighborhood, and by a sudden turn in their pathway would come upon the man, would become frightened to such a degree that some have been known to faint away.

No sooner has he become aware of the presence of strangers than he runs away with the greatest velocity. He always takes advantage of a chance to get away from a stranger, but when brought face to face with them he is very offensive.

For the sixty years the family have resided in this country William has never been known to once leave the immediate neighborhood.

Before the death of old Mrs. Harrier there was said to have been living in this city a Mrs. Jenkins, who was a granddaughter of the old lady, and at the same time was a grandmother herself.

A STRANGE DIVORCE PETITION.

Which Charges Some Things Scarcely Creditable—Miserable Malone and His Devilish Acts.

The little village of Prospect, Marion county, O., can furnish more sensational news and kick up more scandal to the square inch than many other places of five times its size and pretensions. It appears that the denizens of that rural burg take a peculiar delight in rolling savory morsels of unsavory stuff under their tongues, and that they are always on the alert to discover any of the shortcomings of their fellow-men, and make a sweet and delicious mess of any peccadilloes or maneuverings other than those confined strictly to the straight and narrow path

which all who follow, with the language of the homely old adage, "Will be virtuous and happy, but will miss lots of fun."

One of the most peculiar cases of the day, involving parties well known not only in Prospect but over the country, peculiar not only from the language used in the petition which is unique, but from the charges sustained therein and the short time the parties lived together as man and wife, is that involved in the petition for divorce of Mrs. Matilda Malone from her husband, William Malone.

The document, which is a very strange one, is given entire, and almost in the language of the petitioner, being toned down some when the language is too bad for publication:

"Your petitioner, Matilda Malone, of the said County of Marion, represents that she has been a resident of the State of Ohio for the year last past, and is at present a bona fide resident of the said County of Marion and State of Ohio. Your petitioner further relates that on or about the 3d day of July, 1879, at Prospect, in the County of Marion and State of Ohio, she was married to one William Malone (whom she says may be made a party defendant to this petition), and that she has ever since conducted herself toward him as a loving, faithful and obedient wife; yet the said petitioner avers that the said defendant, disregarding his duties as a husband toward her, has been guilty of extreme cruelty toward her, in this:

"That at the date of his marriage to her she was pure and free from any disease, but that she has good right to believe and did believe that the said William Malone was not free from any noxious or loathsome disease—but, upon the contrary, the said William was not free from any such disease, but was then infected with a loathsome and infectious disease.

"Matilda further avers that the said William communicated this said loathsome and noxious disease to her, and that she suffered from the effects of said disease for a long time and until the abandonment of said defendant."

Mrs. Malone in her further ratiocinings charges that the festive William refused to furnish any money to enable her to get cured of said foul disease, and that he has refused to furnish any clothing, food or lodging.

She also says that the defendant has been guilty of gross neglect of duty in this that he has failed to provide for her any sustenance, any clothing, or any food, or any house to live in, and that he has frequently threatened to shoot her, and has run her from the house in the night season without any place to shelter her. Therefore she prays that she may be restored to her maiden name of Matilda Lour, and for reasonable alimony and all proper relief.

OUTRAGED BY A PREACHER.

Diabolical Crime of a Minister of the Gospel in Virginia—Threats of Lynch-ing.

LYNCHBURG, Va., October 24.—The diabolical crime of Rev. Charles T. Coats, a Baptist preacher of Campbell county, has just leaked out. Coats was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Edward Turpin, charging that in the month of January he committed a rape on his daughter, Ida Turpin, a little girl twelve years and two months old. He is a pastor of about six churches.

Miss Ida Turpin, who is Coats' wife's sister testified that on Friday before the last Monday in June, 1880, Coats started to carry her from Campbell Court-house to her home in Bedford. Coats at this time, was located at Campbell Court-house. He had an engagement to preach at New London on Sunday.

They had gone but a short distance, when he commenced making improper proposals to her, which she rejected. After traveling a short distance they came to a piece of woods. Coats stopped the wagon and took her out by force, and committed rape upon her. She resisted and used all manner of means to keep him from outraging her, but of no avail; he broke her down by force until she was completely exhausted.

About two weeks ago some girls were talking together; one of them said that the Rev. Mr. Coats had made improper proposals to her. Ida Turpin being present, then told what had been done. Another sister of hers told her husband, who informed the father, who had him arrested. The excuse this wretch gives is that he has a thorn in the flesh. The wildest excitement is felt in Campbell over the affair, and there is strong talk of lynching. Coats is now in the County Jail well guarded.

An Elephant's Reprimand.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An elephant belonging to Forepaugh's Circus distinguished himself recently by attempting to dispose of a presumptuous young lady, who was acting un-duly familiar with the brute. She first fed him with sweetmeats, and then changed to puncturing his trunk with pins. That member was extended, and ere her ladyship was aware of what was hugging her she was elevated upwards. The timely arrival of a keeper saved her from further punishment.

Russian Nihilist women are the bravest and fiercest of their sex. They wear waterproofs with revolvers in the pockets. Even the young and good-looking, it is said, entirely succeed in divesting themselves of the usually controlling feminine passion for dress. The woman, exclaims one of their admirers, who voluntarily abandons herself to wearing on all days, irrespective of weather, and at all times, a waterproof cloak, may be figuratively said to have burnt her ships. She has abdicated her natural empire.

CRIME'S CANVASS.

A Very Lively Campaign and Great Energy Displayed by the Supporters of "Old Nick."

PROSPECT OF A BIG MAJORITY

In the Subterranean Regions if Things Keep Moving at the Present Rate.

GREAT ENERGY DISPLAYED.

Facts for Opposition Orators to Read, Ponder Over, and Veto---if Possible.

CURRENT CAPERS OF THE WORLDLY.

FUGITIVE A WIFE.

Mr. C. S. Myers, business manager of the Holman Opera Troupe, was recently secretly married at Niagara Falls to Miss Nettie Culvert. The intention was to keep the matter quiet for a few months until Myers' affairs were in a better condition. On Tuesday last Myers drove over to where his wife was living, to visit her, but she had mysteriously flown, and Myers up to the present time can find no trace of his unfaithful consort. Mr. Myers has arrived at New York.

A DRUMMER'S DISGRACE.

A drummer for a Chicago millinery house, named G. H. Minehart, was arrested and bound over by a justice at Jefferson, Mo., early in the week, for attempting to commit a rape on the nine-year-old daughter of a widow, Mrs. Christine Thomas, at the Central Hotel in that city, where the parties were boarding. The evidence showed that the child was assisting Minehart to pack his samples, when he locked the door and attempted his object. The child cried and left the room and told her mother. The man attempted to bribe the mother and the landlord to say nothing of the occurrence. In default of bail he went to jail. He is forty years old and has a family.

A MURDERER CAPTURED.

Luke Walton, who murdered his daughter, in River Falls, Wis., September 22, has been captured, and is now in jail at Ellsworth. He was discovered in a haystack by two boys, and immediately made for the woods, but the citizens turned out and captured him. He confesses killing his daughter, and until arrested supposed he had killed both of them. The youngest, although terribly wounded, recovered. Walton says he did the terrible deed to prevent his daughter's coming to shame or starvation through poverty. After striking down the youngest girl he dragged her body to a closet, from which she must have extricated herself after recovering her senses from the terrible blow. After the murder Walton hid two weeks in a strawstack and under the Riverside House barn. At River Falls he entered a house for food, and fearing pursuit, went to El Paso, where he has since been. He claims not to be insane.

SHOOTING A WIFE AND HER BETRAYER.

WYTHEVILLE, Va., October 25.—Mr. Frank Allison, a well-known merchant of Woodland, Carroll county, not long ago took a young man named Hawks as a partner in his business. They kept a country store. Recently Allison began to suspect that Hawks was too intimate with his wife, and on Monday he set a trap by which he fastened the guilt on both beyond a doubt. He told his wife on Saturday morning that he had to go away to attend to some business and would not be able to get back before Tuesday night. Instead of going away he secreted himself until night. He returned to his house after bedtime, and entered the room occupied by Hawks, in the rear part of the store, which building was in close proximity to his residence. Here he discovered his wife and Hawks together, and drawing a revolver killed Hawks instantly, and shot his wife through the breast and abdomen, mortally wounding her. He left their bodies on the floor, and surrendered himself. Hawks was about twenty-five years of age, and Mrs. Allison thirty-three. The young man was handsome and very popular, and all parties in the affair belong to the first families in this section of the state.

A PECULIAR SENSATION.

A rather disagreeable sensation came to light in Pittsburg, Pa., early in the week. It seems that some months ago a young, good-looking girl, with blonde tresses, named Annie Walker, who resides on Pius street, became acquainted with a fine, dark-complexioned young man, named William C. Smith, at a ball. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the pair finally became enamored of one another. After a brief term of wooing Smith proposed and was accepted by the young lady. Three months ago they were married, and for a time everything was lovely, but of late Smith has been neglecting his loving spouse, and the other day they came to blows, and during the heat of an angry quarrel the husband informed the wife that he was a negro. Mrs. Smith was astonished at this intelligence, but her dark-blooded husband soon made the fact apparent. She then left his home in disgust, has entered suit against

him in consequence of the quarrel, for aggravated assault and battery, before Deputy Mayor Hartman. She says that she will also take immediate steps to procure a divorce. Smith is a mulatto, and could readily pass as a Spaniard, save among those who are familiar with the marks of blood taint.

A REGULAR BLUEBEARD.

Quite a sensation has been created in Philadelphia by the discovery that Mary Ann Connor, who died six weeks after marriage, and just after making her will, leaving all her property—about \$6,000—to her husband, Michael Connor, was the seventh wife of the man, his sixth wife having died within a few months of his marriage to the woman who expired last week. It is alleged that he treated his wife with brutality, and that immediately after her death her face turned a light blue and her body became swollen. Dr. Smith, who attended her, was requested to give a certificate of death, but after examining the body he suspected that there was something wrong and declined to grant the paper necessary for burial. When the case reached the coroner a sister of the deceased appeared and made a statement to the effect that Connor's treatment of his wife was brutal; that during her illness he failed to properly provide for her; that he compelled her to make a will leaving her property to him, and that he had been married seven times, his sixth wife having died within a few months of his marriage to Mary Ann. An investigation of the circumstances was immediately begun by the coroner, the husband and a brother, named Richard Connor, who also lives in the house, were arrested. They were reticent about the matter.

NOT TO BE BLUFFED.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Oct. 25.—Last Saturday a young lady of good family informed her parents that she was going to visit relatives at Kent, this state, and left on the 4 o'clock train. Sunday afternoon a young man, also of good family, to whom it appears the young lady was engaged to be married, started for Kent and met her there by appointment, and the next day the pair went to Cleveland to be married. Meantime the parents of the lady learned of their intentions, and before the ceremony could be performed an officer stepped in, as the young man alleges, and spirited his intended bride away, and, although the Benedict followed them some distance, he finally lost track, and was unable to learn where she was taken by the detective, who took charge of her under orders from her parents. The young man returned to the city and employed counsel to ascertain the whereabouts of his betrothed. The young lady expresses a strong determination to marry the man of her choice. The only cause thus far known for the action of the parents of the young lady is that they are strict Catholics while the young man and his parents are Protestants. This morning the young man sent a telegram to a neighboring city, believing she was there, and in a short time received an answer confirming his suspicions, and has made arrangements that will no doubt result in a speedy marriage.

A YOUNG WIFE'S ELOPEMENT.

The city of New London, Ct., has been considerably stirred by the elopement last week of the young and charming wife of Mr. Charles W. Woodbridge, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office in New London. Mr. Woodbridge, who is still a young man, was married to his wife only a few years ago. A few months since Mrs. Woodbridge pleaded sickness, and was sent by her husband to Brattleboro for medical attention. She returned to her New London home on Monday afternoon of last week. In the evening when her husband returned from his office she met him rather coldly. He questioned her, and she then said: "I don't love you. I never have loved you. I didn't love you on the day we were married." A stormy scene ensued, but the next day neither husband nor wife appeared to recollect the quarrel of the previous night. On Thursday afternoon, by advice of her husband, who did not think that his wife was entirely cured of her ailment, Mrs. Woodbridge went to the railroad depot, ostensibly to take the train for Brattleboro. She did not go on the Brattleboro train, but stepped aboard the 5:30 P. M. train for New York, and was met by a gentleman who presumably is the alleged Brattleboro doctor. Mrs. Woodbridge took no clothing or other articles from home, but she instructed her sister before her departure to forward her jewelry and principal articles of dress to her in Chicago. Mr. Woodbridge is overcome by his wife's abandonment of him, but says he will forgive her if she will return. He excuses her conduct by the plea that her sickness has made her irresponsible for her actions. In New London it is generally doubted that the Brattleboro stranger is a physician.

A GUILTY WIFE'S CONFESSION.

A suit has been begun in the city court of Brooklyn, N. Y., against James S. Morton, to recover \$5,000 damages for the alleged seduction of Henry Eichhorn's wife. Morton is the proprietor of a lager beer saloon at 173 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. His wife is thirty-seven years of age and the mother of two children, aged respectively thirteen and nine years. Morton is an agent of the Provident Savings Life Insurance Company of New York city, is fifty years old, married, and has an office in the Phoenix Building on the corner of Court and Montague streets. He is said to be a church member. The plaintiff's complaint and affidavit allege that Morton became acquainted with the former and his wife in June, 1879; that he became so well acquainted that he was allowed to occupy on several nights a spare room located over Eichhorn's beer saloon. The plaintiff alleges that Morton on two or three occasions accompanied Mrs. Eichhorn and her children to Canarsie, and took long walks together while the children were left behind; that Mrs. Eichhorn was frequently alone with Morton in the latter's room. Eichhorn also claims that his wife made to him the following confession:

"BROOKLYN, September 17, 1879.

"DEAR HENRY:—I know I have done great wrong to you and to the children, as I have been untruthful to you and had secret meetings with James Morton. On September 12th I was in his company to several

places from 3:30 in the afternoon till 9:30 in the evening, which I ought not to have done as a good wife and mother. But please forgive me, and I promise to you in the presence of God Almighty, that I will never go again with the same James Morton, or with any one else—male or female—without your knowledge and permission, and that I will never speak to him or communicate with him in any way, not even look at him. And if you find at any time that I have broken this promise, you are perfectly right to disown me as your lawful wife, as it is my honest intention to keep it in every particular, and I beg of you to forgive me now.

"SELMA EICHHORN, nee MILLER."

Eichhorn's eldest daughter swears that one night her mother left the room in which the children were and visited Morton's room, where she was heard laughing and talking. When Mrs. Eichhorn came back she threatened to whip the youngest child, whereupon the eldest child said, "If you whip her I'll tell father you go everywhere with Mr. Morton." The child was not whipped.

WANTS \$10,000,

And Claiming to be of Illegitimate Birth to get it—How a Married Sister Shielded an Unmarried Sister.

STUEBENVILLE, O., Oct. 21.—Things happen in everyday life that discount the imagination of the writers of fiction, and it is now our province, says the Evening Gazette of this place, to relate a circumstance that transpired in our own city of Steubenville a number of years ago, and although all the characters interested were well known to our older citizens, no one imagined that such a thing had taken place. About 1856 a firm named Northrop & Armstrong carried on a woolen factory in this city. Mr. Northrop was a married man, and in about 1859 a sister of his wife, an unmarried woman named Eliza McDonald, came here from the east. Shortly afterward a child was apparently born to Mrs. Northrop which was named John. He associated with boys of the town and no one imagined that he was otherwise than what he seemed—John Northrop. Miss McDonald for a number of years taught in a public school, in the meantime marrying a man named Rush with whom she moved to the east, where he subsequently died and left her a widow.

Now comes the mysterious part of the transaction. Besides this supposed son John, Mrs. Northrop had four other children, named Jeremiah, Henry, Edwin, and George. Mrs. Rush, after the death of her husband, located in Portland, Maine, and there married a man named Robinson, who also died and left her a widow. Next, Mrs. Robinson adopted her nephew, George Northrop as her legal son, and about one year and nine months ago she died, leaving her property in money in the bank to her adopted son George's credit. He proceeded to take possession of it, but just here he met an unlooked-for obstacle. His brother John came forward and made the claim that instead of being the son of Mrs. Northrop he, John, was the son of Eliza McDonald, afterward Mrs. Rush and next Mrs. Robinson. He claims that when Miss McDonald came here she was *esciente*, and he was born to her, and in order to avert the disgrace, her sister, Mrs. Northrop, took him and brought him up as her son. Some six or eight weeks ago a woman who said her name was Diana Johnson, and claimed to be John Northrop's sister-in-law, came to this city and visited Mrs. Amy Brown, an old lady who resides in Mauly's row, on Seventh street, between Market and Adams, which resulted in Mrs. Brown going to Portland with her. After being absent about three weeks, she returned to this city again. A reporter visited Mrs. Brown to get her statement in regard to the matter. She stated that she was present when the child was born and that Eliza McDonald, afterward Mrs. Rush and then Mrs. Robinson, was its mother. She said that Mrs. Northrop, in order to keep down the disgrace that would attach to the birth of an illegitimate child, announced that the child was hers, and pretended to be sick for some time in order to carry out the delusion. Mrs. Brown claims to be the only living person who was present at the time the child was born, and the object in taking her on to Portland was to have her make an affidavit to this fact. The case is now pending in the courts at Portland.

STRIPPED TO THE SKIN.

The Awful Plight of a Tender Young Lawyer—Left Shivering in a Blanket While Two Males Walk Off With His Clothing.

An unvarnished tale was inscribed on the police records at Philadelphia of how a blooming sprig of the law was left shivering in a dark, cold entry, with a flannel blanket gracefully dropped over his figure by two rogues, until an angel in blue, with a star, relieved him in his sore distress. This disciple of Blackstone pursues his practice by day in an office on Sansom street, above Seventh, and by night recuperates his wasted energies in the same apartment in sleep. On Friday night the slumber of the attorney was broken by a gentle tapping on his door. He was not pleased to be disturbed, but when a voice from the outside informed him that the visit was one of business looking to a divorce suit, the lawyer folded a blanket about his frame and tripped lightly to the door. There he met two colored citizens, one of whom said he was a cook, and could only find time in the evening to set afoot his plans for cutting his marital relations. The cook then requested that his friend be allowed to take a seat in the office, while he poured his family tribulations into the pendulous ear of the lawyer. This request was acquiesced in, and while the alleged cook impeded to the attorney a highly-colored fabrication, his companion with great coolness and care collected all the

lawyer's wearing apparel, even his hat and shoes, and decamped. After the supposed client left, the budding scribe felt so good that he thought he would pen some letters, and casting aside his blanket, searched for his attire. Then it was that he realized how slickly he had been done for, and, once more seeking the door, called meekly for an officer, who scared up a second hand suit, so that the lawyer could go into the world, without creating a sensation, in search of something to wear.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Inspires Some Lively Practice With a Pistol—A Tete-a-Tete With one of Frailly's Daughters Broken Up.

When the knot was tied some years ago and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Spence of New Orleans, promised to love and honor each other until death did them part, the presumption is that they looked on their future path through life as a turnpike road over which they could jog along in peace and happiness.

But life is filled with bitter disappointments, and Mrs. Spence let the demon jealousy find a resting place in her heart. She was of a suspicious nature, and took but little stock in lodge meetings, peace makers, in time, lost their charm, and she even doubted her husband when he would come home long after midnight and tell her how his ward went. In fact, Mrs. S. was not only jealous and suspicious, but she was positive that some vile creature had won his love, and when she had established the fact beyond a shadow of a doubt in her mind she determined that he should die.

Having, with the assistance of one or two kind but gossipy neighbors, ascertained that her husband was in the habit of spending his evenings with a fair but frail female in a house on Madison street, near the line of Jefferson parish, on the other side of the river, she on Sunday morning, armed with a trusty revolver, repaired to the designated locality, and peeping through the keyhole, saw her truant husband in social converse with the fair female.

This was more than Mrs. Spence could stand, and cocking her revolver she sprang into the room and before Spence realized what was up, she fired, but her aim was bad and Spence sprang from his seat and darted through space, followed, however, by two more bullets from his wife's pistol. This ended the scene, and Mrs. Spence retired to her home on Madison near Jackson street, where she is anxiously awaiting the return of her truant husband.

"YOU GIT."

A Request Which Was Complied With Promptly—A Plucky Damsel.

On Wednesday, as Miss Carrie Garribrant, only about sixteen years old, was alone in her father's farm house on the Paterson turnpike, near Brookdale, N. J., she heard a knock at the kitchen door. Upon opening the door, she was confronted by a powerful fellow, who cast one glance at the young woman, and then looked away over her head to the table that was spread with good things. The tramp seemed to hesitate, and Miss Garribrant asked him what he wanted. He made no answer, but he seemed to be considering whether it would be safe to push her aside and enter the house. Miss Garribrant at last surmised that such were his thoughts, and she said:

"Well, if you can't answer a civil question you may go away," and she shut the door in his face.

Then Miss Garribrant went up stairs, and took her brother's revolver from a drawer. As she expected, the tramp went around to the front of the house, and after a while approached a parlor window, which he began to open. As he was about to enter he looked up and saw about six inches from his temple a cocked revolver, held by Miss Carrie Garribrant's little hand. The tramp's eye wandered from the weapon to Miss Garribrant's eyes.

"You leave the premises or I'll shoot," she said.

The tramp saw that she would do as she said, and he took to his heels.

"ACCEPT MY ARM."

A Cullud Pusson Waits for Pretty Dancer at Stage Door and Attempts to Compel Her to Accept Him as Her Escort.

[Subject of Illustration.]
Lillie Connors was a pretty dancer in an Indianapolis, Ind., theatre, and several of the susceptible young men of the city competed for the pleasure of escorting her from the stage door to the door of her boarding-house. She enjoyed the fun too well to stop it by indicating a decided preference.

The only admirer whom she repulsed was Henry Sutherland, who was a negro. One night he stuck a big revolver away in an outside pocket, stalked boldly in front of the other suitors, and offered Lillie his arm. They stepped forward to protect her, but as quickly stepped back when Sutherland drew the weapon. The girl resisted, however, and he shot her through the arm.

So Awfully Modest.

[Subject of Illustration.]
The mock modesty which old maids can assume whenever occasion demands, was illustrated in a dry goods store in this city a few days ago. Two Scotch laddies who had been attending some games of their country, dropped into the store, rigged out in full Highland costume. The sight of their bare legs so shocked an old maid who was present, that she came near fainting. It was observed that she took a good long look at the naked extremities before making up her mind to collapse.

LIMBS.

How Padding is Done Upon the Stage—Some Queer Studies on the Subject—How Sawdust Makes Up for Nature's Deficiencies.

"Certainly there are no such things in existence," said a statuesque fair one of the serio-comic line to a reporter who had delicately ventured an inquiry as to the aids to the human form divine known as "pads." The fair one in question, as remarked, is statuesque, and her "gams" are of attractive contour and unusual size—that is, as seen from the front. Further than that the reporter knows nothing. The warmth with which the aforesaid statuesque serio-comic denied the existence of the articles in question gave rise to the suspicion that, with her and with other things on the stage, all is not real. This is only a suspicion.

In the comic negro act the professor of elocution tells the student that all is not real on the stage. "There, for instance, is the ballet. Magnificent limbs; well round, but not real."

"What! Not real? What are they?"

"Sawdust."

The reporter made no effort to push his inquiries with the first fair one, but sought the mature judgment and observation of a lady who, once statuesque, had become obese and short, and who plays the benevolent mother.

"Why, bless your soul," said she, "of course they pad. They all do it. Men more than women, or as much, anyhow. What is the use of denying it when I know that seven out of ten pairs of twinkling, bewitching burlesque legs have the assistance of symmetries?"

"But can the auditor be deceived by these symmetries?"

"Not if he understands their use. It is like one of those picture puzzles which you might look at for days without discovering, and once solved you can see nothing but the trick. With colored tights, light or dark blue and red, it is almost impossible for any but a professional to detect them. Fashions are much harder on the wearer, particularly if she does much dancing. Oh, as to ballet dancing, paddings to the calf would be instantly detected. Every theatrical goods house has pads in stock, and they openly advertise them. Look at the *Clipper* for a moment. Here a firm advertises: 'Our anatomical paddings are a study. It is impossible to detect them from nature even upon the most minute examination. For symmetry, durability, light weight and finish they are unrivaled.' Here in the next column another firm advertises to be the 'sole makers of the perfection pad,' and another publishes this price list: Calf pad, \$3.50; calf and thigh, \$8; calf-padded tights, \$6; thigh-padded tights, \$6; padded shirts, \$8.

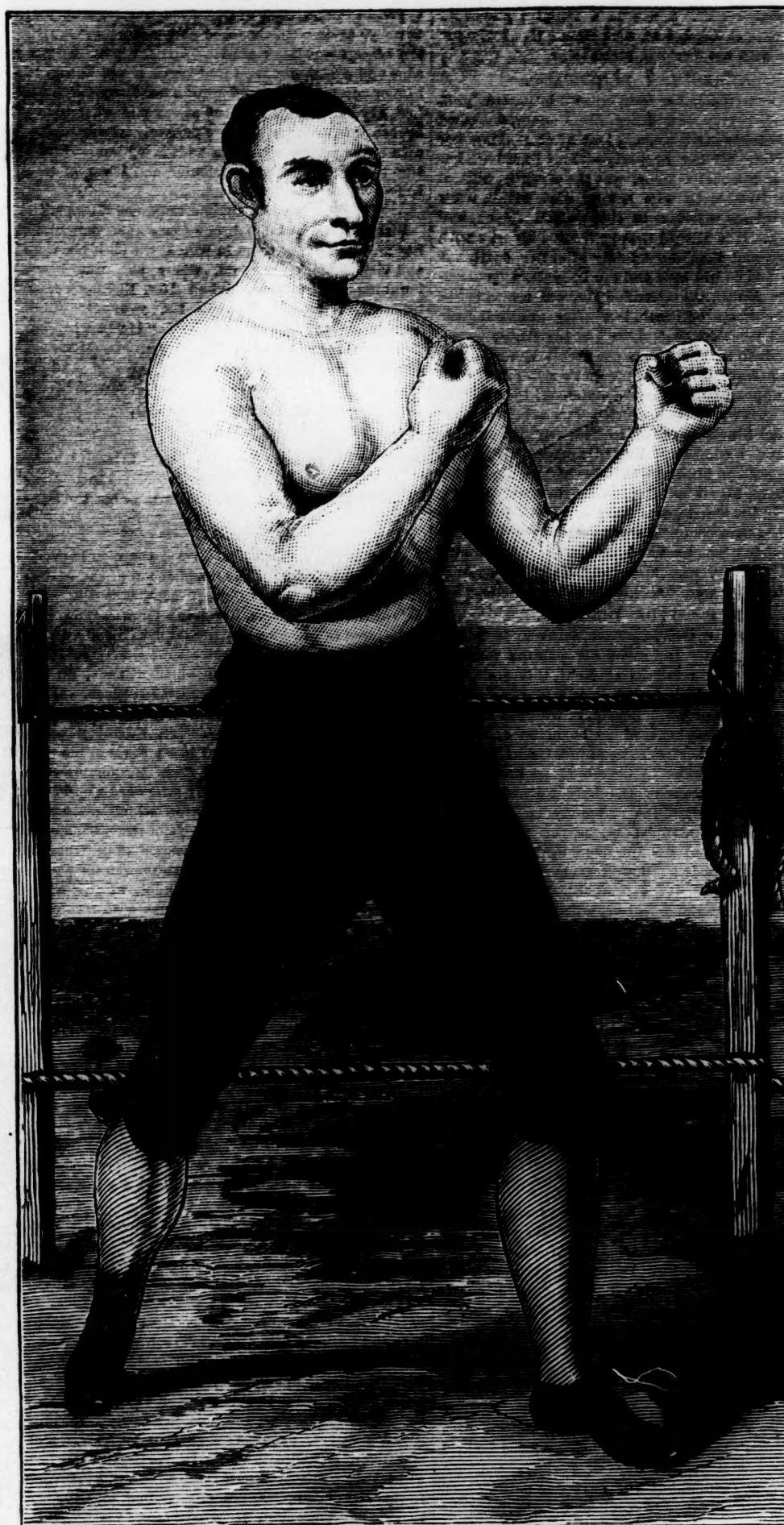
"Now these are only a few varieties of the so-called symmetries. I have known women who were padded from the ankle up. A girl in the Lydia Thompson party was setting the bald heads crazy, and the critics raved about her perfect limbs. The fact is, they were as straight up and down as table legs, and the symmetry which transported the audience was made to order and cost \$85. There has been great improvement in this business of late years. The pad is woven into and is part of the tights. Actresses to whom nature had not been generous formerly made their own symmetries out of old stockings cut in pieces of diminishing size and sewed one to another, which, placed upon the calf of the leg and covered with two or three pairs of stockings, would give a good appearance of graceful contour.

"But few women pad their arms. Fashionable women use them very frequently. Shoulder pads are used mostly by young male actors with immature forms, who have been cast for Roman soldiers or Grecian puppets. These young men are liberal purchasers of padded tights, which will account for the sturdiness of the limbs of the aforesaid puppets or army. Their use is perfectly legitimate. Some managers insist on the symmetries on the score that the public desires its eye filled pleasantly. The palpitating limb flashing before the footlights may for the most part be an assumption, the flesh and blood may be absent, but the appearance is there, and where ignorance is bliss it were folly to be wise."

Yankee Sullivan.

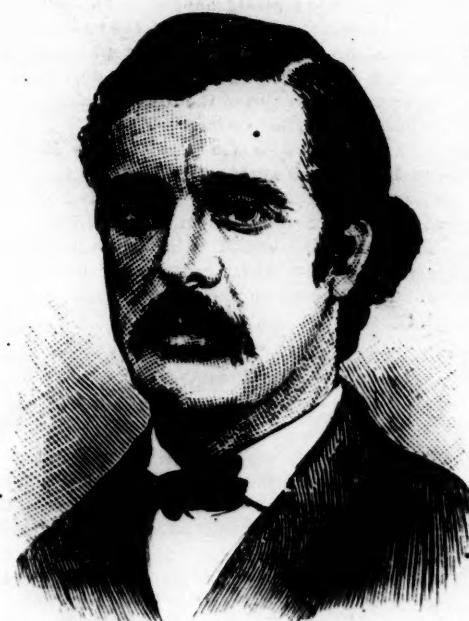
[With Portrait.]

This noted pugilist was born at Bandon, near Cork, Ireland, April 12, 1813. He fought ten times in the



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

YANKEE SULLIVAN, THE FAMOUS HERO OF THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.



EX-GOVERNOR SPRAGUE.



MRS. KATE SPRAGUE.

PRINCIPALS IN THE CANONCHET SCANDAL, RECENTLY REVIVED.—SEE PAGE 7.

prize ring. In England he whipped Stewart, Sharpless and Tom Brady. Sullivan came to America in 1841, but he went back to England to fight Hammer Lane. He whipped Lane on Feb. 2d, 1841, in nineteen rounds and 33 minutes. The stakes were £100. Sullivan returned to this country, and was matched to fight an Englishman named Vincent Hammond, of Philadelphia, for \$100 a side. The fight took place at League Island, about ten miles south of Philadelphia, on the 2d of September, 1841. Sullivan, after the first round, had the fight all his own way, Hammond receiving terrible punishment. The fight lasted only 10 minutes, and Sullivan was declared the winner after eight rounds had been fought.

In 1842 Sullivan and Tom Secor were matched. The fight took place on Staten Island, on the 24th of January, on Mr. Aspinwall's grounds, between the light-house at the Narrows and old Fort Tompkins. Both men received severe punishment, and on time being called for the 67th round Secor was unable to toe the mark and Sullivan was awarded the fight amid the acclamations of his friends.

On the 29th of August, 1842, Yankee Sullivan and Professor Bell were matched. The fight took place on Hart's Island, about twenty miles from New York. In this fight Sullivan escaped with hardly a mark on him, while Bell was all cut up and terribly punished. On time being called for the 24th round Bell couldn't come. Sullivan, still fresh, claimed and was awarded the fight after a contest of 86 minutes.

On May 11, 1847, Sullivan met Bob Caunt, brother to Ben Caunt, the English champion. The fight took place in London county, near the Blue Ridge Mountains. Sullivan punished Caunt terribly, and won the fight in seven rounds lasting 12 minutes. Sullivan then fought Tom Hyer and John Morrissey. He went to California after his fight with Morrissey and was killed by the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco May 31, 1856. He was 45 years of age, and his right name was James Ambrose. A pluckier pugilist never stood in the prize ring. Sullivan never knew fear, and his nerve was wonderful.

AFRAID OF GRAVE ROBBERS.

Royal Heads that Rest Uneasy even in Death — Repeating the Stewart Game.

The Empress Eugenie has bid adieu to Chiselhurst—perhaps forever. It was her living tomb. "The Records of Chiselhurst" would be an apt title for an amazing novel. It may yet be written. There are three reasons why this blighted beauty and excited Empress leaves Chiselhurst. First, she desires a more suitable domicile to her declining health, as the situation of Camden House is conducive to the consumptive condition of this lady. Second, she could not afford the increased rental; thirdly—more important than all—she had been wearied by all manner of rumors regarding French *mouchards* and Communistic body-snatchers who contemplated stealing the body—even mangled and withered as it is—of the late Prince Imperial, trusting to gain a great financial reward for their fiendish work. If a millionaire dry goods merchant's stolen corpse in America would induce a big reward for its recovery, what would an Imperial Prince's in Europe? "There's millions in it!" said the *mouchard*. And the Empress resolved to take other quarters; take all that remains of Emperor and Prince from the tiny isolated chapel of Chiselhurst—a little place convenient for all the designs of demons who prey upon Princes, dead or alive, and on the purses of all persons. Hence the Empress has selected her residence on the hilly region of Hampshire, and not far off from her widowed sympathizing friend, Queen Victoria, when that good woman dwells at Windsor. To "Farnborough Hill," in Hampshire the exiled Empress goes, and with her will soon go the precious deposits in the little chapel of Chiselhurst that Monsignor Goddard has so faithfully watched for many a day and many a night, with fear and trembling. Did ever history reveal the truth of "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" so potently as the story of this childless, motherless, widowed woman—once the beauty of Europe and the peerless of Emperresses! And but one female creature has reviled her—and, alas, this creature is an American!

A boy stole away from a Cincinnati school and spent the day playing ball, for which he was mildly reprimanded by the teacher. He immediately retired to an ante room and shot himself.



ROSCOE CONKLING.



IMITATING SIR WALTER RALEIGH—A BOSTON NOODLE PLACES HIS FASHIONABLE OVERCOAT OVER A MUDDY PART OF THE ROAD, SO THAT HIS FAIR COMPANION, IN CROSSING, NEED NOT SOIL HER DAINTY SHOES.

A GAY GENTLEMAN OF TOLEDO

Attempts Something Naughty, and Gets Terribly Beaten By a Brutal Hotel Keeper.

FOSTORIA, O., October 25.—A sensation in high life occurred in this city recently, which resulted rather badly for one of the parties particularly connected with the affair. The particulars are these:

A prominent and influential citizen of Toledo came here, bringing with him a certain "lady" from the same city. The lady was given a room down stairs and the gentleman up stairs, at the Central House. The proprietor of the hotel, a big, burly fellow, suspicing something wrong, stayed up and watched.

Sometime during the night the gentleman knocked for admittance at the lady's door. At this juncture the landlord appeared and demanded \$10, and requested the gentleman to skedaddle.

He returned to his room, got his clothes and satchel and stepped into the upper hall with the intention of leaving, when he was again confronted by the landlord, who said that the gentleman would pay \$10 before leaving the house, which demand was promptly refused.

The landlord then pitched into him and hammered his face in a terrible manner, striking him on the head when down a number of times. The action of the burly hotel proprietor is severely condemned by all who have heard of the sensation.

The name of the gentleman is omitted for the reason

young man of wonderful promise. He was twenty-two years old, and the world opened bright and promising before him. He was, I believe, for a time a teacher in Harvard and, subsequently, founded a very successful school in Massachusetts. Some time afterward he went South as the principal of a State Normal school. The war coming on he was driven from the State and came North. At the close of the war he went back to the southern state as collector of internal revenue.

When the state was reconstructed he was elected to the United States Senate, and served with distinction for six years. He was chairman of the committee on education and labor and a member of the appropriations and other important committees. He was a very strong and pleasing speaker and stood high among his colleagues. After his term expired he was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury, and was at times acting secretary. It was here that he fell. He was courted and flattered and used

wine, cards and women did their part to accomplish his fall.

There were some very crooked transactions while he was in office, and some way the assistant secretary lost his office and landed in jail. He was speedily got out, however, but he became wretchedly poor and got to borrowing fifty-cent pieces of his old friends. It was a pitiful sight to see him about and know what he had been.

Finally somebody had him appointed to a \$1,200 clerkship (he wrote a beautiful hand), and it was thought that he might pick up and recover, but he didn't. He had got a passion for gambling, and whenever he could obtain any money he sought the tiger and, of course, lost it, and soon he lost his little clerkship.

I understand he now borrows a dollar or two whenever he can, and goes into the lowest places and plays until it is gone. If he has no money, which is nearly always the case, he will sit where the game is going on and keep the score for the low wretches that infest the dives he visits. He once had a charming family of boys and girls, but the Lord only knows where they are now.

If there is anything strange or more revolting than this in fiction I have never come across it.

Too Chivalrous.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A curious story is told of a Boston young gallant, who while walking out with his lady love in the



MARY A. BROWN, ACCESSORY TO THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND; SENTENCED TO BE HUNG WITH HER PARAMOUR, WADE.

son that he is one of the wealthiest men of Toledo and is already sufficiently punished for his misbehavior.

The hotel proprietor is silent concerning the disgraceful affair, refusing to be interviewed, as he well knew it would not particularly redound to his credit.

AN EX-SENATOR'S FALL.

The Baneful Influence of too Much Booze and Bad Female Company.

A Washington correspondent tells this story in the Philadelphia *Times*:

In 1844 there graduated from Harvard University a



JOSEPH W. WADE, MURDERER OF JOHN F. BROWN; NOW IN INDIANAPOLIS (IND.) JAIL UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

country, came to a muddy streak across the road. Imitating Sir Walter Raleigh's act toward Queen Bess, he took off his fashionable overcoat and laid it down so that she could pass over without soiling her shoes. The fools are not all dead yet.

AMONG the gifts displayed at a San Francisco wedding was the bride's father's check for \$100,000. The cashier of the bank on which the check was drawn was a guest. It was observed that he looked queerly at the document, then turned up his nose and remarked: "Why, he hasn't \$500 to his credit in our bank."

A YOUNGSTER WHO HAD NO AFFECTION FOR HIS SISTER'S "STIDDY COMPANY" PROVIDES AN ENTERTAINMENT TO MAKE SUNDAY NIGHT COURTSHIPS LIVELY; NEAR TROY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles, and Its
Heroes—Great Fistic Encounters
Between Pugilists of the
Past and Present.

THE GREAT BATTLES IN 1859.

How Pat Connelly Was Battered up by
Young Bendigo, and How Jim
Phalen Won a Great Battle
and Fought Fifty Rounds
After His Arm Was
Broken.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.
BY WM. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

The result of the prize fight between Jack Looney and Joe Cole created a great deal of dissatisfaction, for if it had been decided on the merits of the pugilists the decision would have been reversed and Cole, instead of Looney, would have been hailed the winner.

It was clearly to be seen that Looney was over-matched, for Cole was twenty-five pounds heavier than Looney, his equal in science, and stood five inches taller.

Looney won the fight according to the rules, but no referee that was not influenced or intimidated would have decided against a foul against Cole under the circumstances.

Looney was a game, determined and resolute pugilist, but far from being a first-class scientific fighter and there is not the least doubt but that he won the fight from Cole by a "fluke" or the merest accident.

On March 28, 1859, Aaron Jones, who had twice fought Tom Sayers, in England, put up the necessary forfeit and through George Wilkes, sent a regular challenge to Tom Sayers to again fight him for the champion belt of England and £200 a side.

The fact of Jones' challenging Sayers created quite a stir in prize ring circles on both sides of the Atlantic, and sporting men were anxious to see what action he would take in the matter and eager to know whether he would fight Aaron Jones or John Carmel Heenan.

In the meantime New York was kept alive with pugilism and its patrons.

John Morrissey came forward with the rest of the pugilistic brigade and busied himself by arranging a grand charitable benefit for Widow Harrington, wife of the famous Boss Harrington, one of the pioneers of American pugilism.

The affair was held at Hoyt's Theatre, on April 4, 1859.

John C. Heenan, for the time being, buried the hatchet with Morrissey and decided to box with his great rival in full ring costume.

The announcement that these rival champions were to meet face to face in the arena filled the theatre and made the charitable exhibition a great success.

Morrissey appeared and had a set-to with Heenan. They had a "gentle and joyous passage of arms," without the least rising of ill-blood, or the least sign of any disposition to intrude their personal differences upon a public display of the better feelings of the "profession," and both pleased the fancy and the public.

After the exhibition, the proposed international match between Heenan and Sayers and Aaron Jones and Sayers was the main topic of conversation in sporting circles all over the world.

In the meantime prize fights in the South and West helped to keep up the excitement.

At Gretna, near New Orleans, La., on April 4, 1859, Pat Rowan, better known as "Paddy the Bull," and Frank Dillon had a rough-and-tumble in the French Market.

After biting, gouging and maiming one another for over an hour, they agreed to fight according to the rules of the ring for \$100 a side.

The fight created considerable excitement and there was heavy betting outside of the main stakes.

The battle was a long and desperate one. Paddy the Bull was knocked down fifteen times by his powerful opponent, yet he would not "hoist the signals of distress," and refused to cry surrender.

On went the battle until forty rounds had been fought, and yet Paddy refused to give in, although he received terrible punishment.

Rowan forced the fighting up to the forty-ninth round, when he injured his right hand and "turned" his wrist by striking Paddy's cranium.

Rowan then only had the use of his left hand to win the battle.

After the pugilists had fought two hours Paddy's left eye was closed and his face was frightfully bruised while his right eye was fast closing.

Dillon was also terribly punished, while both his hands were swelled as big as boxing gloves.

Paddy's friends now offered odds on their nearly blind champion, but Dillon's friends knew that he could not punish Paddy and refused to bet.

Paddy fought like a trojan and when everybody supposed he was beaten "out" of the battle fistic he plucked the flower of victory."

The fight lasted through 53 rounds, fought in two hours and twenty minutes.

On the day following Charley Hope and Simon Selby had a dispute over a bet made about first knock down in the Dillon and Rowan fight. Each posted \$100 and agreed to go and fight for the stakes according to the rules of the London prize ring.

The pugilists fought on the Old Shell Road. Thirty-two rounds were well contested when Hope, who was a powerful man, won by knocking Selby senseless and he fell through the ropes.

The fight lasted 1 hour, 37 minutes, and Selby was sent to the hospital for repairs.

Ben Evans and Bob Young fought off-hand for \$50 at Casey's Mines, Kentucky, on April 10, 1859. After fighting eight slashing rounds, Evans struck a foul blow and Young was declared the winner. The fight lasted twenty minutes.

Jack Taylor, a noted rough-and-tumble fighter of Kansas City and Jack Higgins of Omaha, had a turn-up in Kansas City. Higgins then challenged Taylor to fight any style with bowie knives, revolvers or up and down.

Taylor declined the carving process and objected to being made a target for leaden missiles, but he agreed to fight Higgins according to the rules of the ring for \$200.

The match was made, and the pugilists met at Leavenworth, Kansas, and fought thirty-nine rounds. Higgins accidentally struck Taylor while on the ground and his partisans claimed foul. A wrangle followed; knives and pistols were drawn, but Taylor had the most friends and won the battle or at least the referee's decision.

A number of persons were cut and wounded during the fight, while Higgins was also roughly handled.

On April 25th, 1859, John C. Heenan forwarded the following official challenge to Tom Sayers, the English Champion Pugilist:

"I, John C. Heenan, of the city of West Troy, United States of America, hereby challenge Thomas Sayers, the Champion of England, to fight me in six months from the time of his reception of this challenge, or from the date of the first deposit under it, for £200 a side and the champion's belt, the fight to take place near London, (England), and to be governed by the rules of the London Prize Ring." April 25, 1859. (Signed) JOHN C. HEENAN."

The challenge was forwarded by George Wilkes, who at that time was a great admirer of pugilists and pugilism.

Heenan's challenge created a sensation, as it was known that his backers were in earnest, while it was also a well-known fact that Tom Sayers was eager to fight any man in the world at that time.

On the 7th of May, 1859, George King a noted pugilist, arrived in New York from England, and made New York his residence. King came over to fight any man in America his weight for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. King weighed 150 pounds and was the hero of several hard fought battles in England. He fought Ned Donnelly 2 hours and 40 minutes and then had to give up. The pluck and staying qualities he displayed in this fight gained him quite a name when he came to New York.

Besides, in October, 1857, King fought Jim Clarke, of Liverpool, for £55, at Dunford, Bridge, England. One hundred and twenty-two rounds were fought in 2 hours and 50 minutes, when there was a wrangle and a draw ensued.

In August, 1858, King and Clarke fought a second time, for £100, in the Liverpool District. After 67 rounds in 115 minutes, Clarke had to give up.

Dan Smith, alias Young Bendigo, of Philadelphia, at the beginning of April, 1859, went on to St. Louis to fight Pat Connelly, of Liverpool, England. Smith had whipped Scotty, of Brooklyn (who afterwards conquered Barney Aaron), and was classed a first-class light-weight. He stood 5 feet 6 inches, and weighed in condition 125 lbs. Connelly was born in Ireland, stood 5 feet 4½ inches in height and weighed 132 pounds.

The pugilists fought near St. Louis on May 9th, 1859. Smith was ten pounds heavier than when he defeated Scotty, but Jack Looney and Charley Harold were his seconds, and he was backed heavily to win outside the small stake of \$50 which the pugilists were fighting for. Johnny Moneghan, the prize ring general, and Charley Fagan were Connelly's seconds. Young Bendigo offered to bet twenty dollars with Connelly before the fight began that he would win; but the latter, who was a coal passer did not have the amount.

Connelly had a rough game in his corner, but they could not hold a candle to the regulators that Jack Looney had ready to see that Young Bendigo received fair play.

The fight was a slashing one from the time the men faced each other; both went to work like mechanics, punishing, hitting and countering, hitting with terrific force.

Bendigo won the first blood and first knock-down, but Steamboat Pat, as Connelly was styled, fought with a desperate resolve and tried hard to turn the tide in his favor. Young Bendigo fought like a veteran. He cut and carved Connelly's face as artistically as a butcher would slash up an ox, and yet the plucky Connelly faced the music.

After 44 rounds had been fought Connelly's friends were on a burrah, and the ring was broken in, and for five minutes all hands were ornamenting each other with clubs, fists and knives.

The ring was finally cleared and the battle went on. Connelly's face was beaten into a mass of jelly; still he fought on and refused to cry enough. Eighty rounds were contested, and still, when Connelly was almost blinded by his opponent's blows, he refused to give in. Young Bendigo was also terribly punished, while he was showing signs of quitting, as the battle had lasted over an hour and a half.

Moneghan urged Connelly to give in, but he refused. Finally, in the eighty-eighth round Moneghan elevated the sponge, and Young Bendigo was hailed the winner.

Connelly was terribly cut up in body and mind, and wanted to fight Moneghan for throwing up the sponge. The battle lasted 1 hour and 57 minutes, and both pugilists were terribly punished.

Joe Coombs and Jack Walsh (Barney Williams) fought the next battle. It was decided at Boston on June 15, 1859. The stakes were \$25, and Walsh won in 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Again St. Louis came to the front and furnished more sport and fun for the sporting denizens of the Garden City.

Billy Macken and Jimmy Phalen fought at Bloody Island, near St. Louis, for a \$200 purse. Conn Minn and Johnny Moneghan attended Phalen, and Shanghai Connors done the needful for Macken. This fight was a remarkable one, and well contested up to the twenty-sixth round. Phalen, by the advice of Moneghan, tried to knock Macken "out" by right-hand blow. Macken dropped his head, and Phalen's arm was broken at the wrist. Nearly all the spectators supposed the fight was virtually over, but Phalen pluckily fought on through more than fifty rounds with one hand, and finally won by a foul. The battle lasted 1 hour and 23 minutes, and Phalen was the hero of the ring.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Commenced in No. 141. Back numbers can always be obtained at the office of the Police Gazette, 183 William street, New York.

The continued history of the American Prize Ring, which commenced in No. 141, illustrated sensational sketches of events transpiring all over the world, all the latest sporting news at home and abroad, with answers to correspondents, and the life and thrilling adventures of The Alton among the hard cases of New York, appears in next week's Gazette.

Messrs. Johnson and Egan, the Vermont wrestlers are arranging a wrestling match. Johnson comes from Rutland, and Egan from Fairfield. Since Johnson has been sojourning in New York he has won every match. Egan has now come from the Wolverine State to defeat Johnson and capture his backer's \$200.

E. C. MURPHY, of St. Paul, Minn., is the champion walker of the state, from twenty-five to fifty miles. Murphy authorizes us to state that he is ready to walk fair heel and toe against any man in the North West, from 25 to 50 miles, for any amount from \$100 to \$500 a side. What pedestrian will accept Murphy's challenge?

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN THE NUMEROUS CITIES AND TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY WILL BE SURE AND FORWARD ALL SPORTING MATTER AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT EACH WEEK.

At Baltimore Parole won a mile and a quarter dash, beating Rosalie and Pawnee in 2:13.

CORNELL COLLEGE have decided to send a crew to England to row in the Henley regatta.

MAUD S. 2:10½, the fastest time a mile has ever been trotted, will not be beaten this season.

THE base ball season of 1880 is about over. There's no use trying to play ball with stiff fingers.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has sold out his entire stable, in view of his early departure for Europe.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS and Harry Hicken spar every Saturday at the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia.

THE National Base Ball Club of Washington will join the League Base Ball Association next session.

ST. JULIAN will not make any more attempts to beat his record this season and will return to San Francisco.

THE Duke of Westminster has decided to sell all his racing stable except Bend Or, the Derby winner of 1880.

W. R. ITTER won the 100 yards amateur swimming championship of Great Britain. Itter's time was 1m. 15½s.

JAMES MCLOUGHLAN is the American champion jockey of 1880. He has had the most mounts, and won the most races.

A YOUNG LADY fell overboard the other day during a yacht race. She was picked up, and they call it a regatta.

FREDERICK LEES, of Sheffield, won the six-day bicycle race at Middlesborough, England. He covered 1,007 miles.

AT Boston, on Oct. 23, the Harvard College foot-ball team defeated the Brown team of Montreal, Canada, by two goals.

AT Wolverhampton, England, Howell won the one-mile bicycle handicap, with 90 yards' start, in the fast time of 2m. 41½s.

IT is understood that the next race for the O'Leary belt, now held by Frank Hart of Boston, will take place Christmas week.

VETO, after winning the September cup at Manchester, was bought in for \$3,010, the conditional selling price being \$2,000.

HOSMER, the Boston oarsman, now in England, has quite recovered from a severe cold, and the felon on his right hand is cured.

ISONOMY, the supposed greatest race-horse in England, has injured one of his hocks and will not be seen in public again this season.

DAVID WARD, Hanlan's trainer, has arrived at Newcastle upon Tyne. Hanlan is enjoying good health and rowing in splendid form.

JACK FOWLER, the noted English light-weight pugilist, is now on his way to Australia, to fight Larry Foley, the conqueror of Abe Hicken.

HARRY HICKEN wants to fight John H. Clark, the noted pugilist. Clark says he is ready to fight Hicken at any time for love or ducats.

JAMES RILEY, the sculler, of Saratoga, N. Y., has entered for the American prizes, and has taken up his quarters at Barnes, England.

THOMAS BLACKMAN, the English oarsman, has agreed to accept 300 yards start from Trickett in a single-scull race over the Thames, for £200.

THE Cleveland Base Ball Association desires to raise \$3,000 by subscription for next year's team, and the subscription books are now open.

MIKE DONOVAN, the pugilist, claims Cooke refuses to make a match to fight for the middle weight championship, and claims the title.

ENGLISH sporting circles are excited over the coming prize fight between Joe McCarthy and Mike Welch, who are to fight for £100.

AT New Jersey, on October 20, Myers tried to beat his record in a 100-yard race, which is ten seconds. He failed, but ran the distance in 10½s.

D. E. ROSE, the donor of the Rose Diamond belt, and the arranger of several great pedestrian enterprises, has arrived in this city from the Pacific slope.

IN December O'Leary intends holding a great six-day pedestrian race, which promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever held in this or any other country.

MR. ELLIOTT, ex-champion oarsman of England, is challenged James Riley of Saratoga, N. Y., to row over the Thames champion course for £100 a side.

ALL the heavy-weight pugilists in England appear eager to fight, but neither Jack Stewart or Alf Greenfield has the nerve to fight Tom Allen, who is eager for the fray.

DONALD DINNIE, of Scotland, the champion athlete, has challenged Duncan C. Ross to compete in a grand international athletic contest for the championship of the world.

THE Lacrosse championship was again played for by the Torontos and the Shamrocks, October 16, at Toronto, Ont., the Torontos winning the second, third and fifth games.

GARIB OR, a yearling and full brother to Bend Or, the great English race-horse, owned by the Duke of Westminster, is to be purchased by a well-known American turfman.

AT the Montgomery Athletic Club Games, New Jersey, on Oct. 20, Myers tried to beat his record in a 100-yard race, which is 10 seconds. He failed, but ran the distance in 10½s.

AT Kingston, Canada, Oct. 22, Corporal G. Duff won the 100-yard dash in the Royal Military sports, covering the distance in the wonderful time, it is said, in 9½s. The performance is doubtful.

HANLAN is in the best of health, and his style of rowing is a complete revelation as to finish and precision. He is in better condition than when he so easily defeated Elliott on the Tyne, last June.

THE single scull race between Ellis Ward, one of the famous

SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

ALL QUESTIONS SENT US PERTAINING TO SPORTING MATTERS WILL BE ANSWERED, AND CAN BE RELIED ON AS BEING CORRECT—LETTERS, PORTRAITS AND ALL COMMUNICATIONS IN REFERENCE TO SPORTING AFFAIRS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM E. HARDING, SPORTING EDITOR, POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, 183 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Answers to Correspondents.

TORTOISE, New York City.—Red face takes the cake.

Q. L. WOOD.—Impossible to use picture at present. Will publish it at first opportunity.

A. C. REID, Lucan, Ontario.—Have received picture. Please send on record at once.

JOS. WILMINGTON, Del.—Yes, a "Mace" is used generally. The hook is merely ornamental.

G. W. PITTSBURG, Pa.—Hanlan's time when he defeated Riley at Washington, D. C., was 86m. 2½s.

J. C. ROSS, Portland, Oregon.—Thanks for matter. Send on pictures of leading sportsmen in Portland.

PAUL, West Boston.—POLICE GAZETTE has published all the principal oarsmen's pictures. Get back numbers.

H. M., San Jose, Cal.—W. R. O'Reilly, the pugilist, was murdered in Virginia City, Nev., by Charley Huff, July 1, 1874.

H. W., Louisville, Ky.—True Blue distanced Harry Bassett, running four-mile heats at Baltimore, Md., October 25, 1873.

H. G., Williamsport, Pa.—The fastest time on record for running one mile is 1:39½, by Harper's Ten Broeck, made at Louisville, Ky.

PEDESTRIAN, Bordentown, N. J.—WM. HOWES, of Eng. land, has walked 120 miles in 24h. 20m. 36s., which is the greatest performance.

AQUATIC, Providence, R. I.—Harry Kelly was champion oarsman of England in 1866. 2. Tom Sayers died in London, England, Nov. 8, 1865.

PUGILIST, Chicago, Ill.—Billy Edwards' last fight with Sam Collier, was decided at Mill Creek, West Virginia, August 11, 1874, Edwards winning.

PEDESTRIAN, Lowell, Mass.—The fastest ten-mile amateur walking time on record is 1h. 17m. 40s., made by E. E. Merrill, October 5, 1880, at Boston, Mass.

H. W., St. Paul, Minn.—Send for No. 141 of the POLICE GAZETTE. 2. St. Julien will not attempt to again beat his record this season. 3. Will answer next week.

POLICE GAZETTE READER, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Harry Kelly defeated James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, in two single-skull races on the Tyne, England, in 1866. 2. Hamill won the single-skull championship by beating Joshua Ward.

PORKOPOLIS, Cincinnati, O.—Why don't you read the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE? 2. Harry Lazarus, the pugilist, was murdered by Barney Friery Jan. 2, 1865. 3. Barney Friery was hanged for the murder August 17, 1866.

W. C. M., Leavenworth, Kan.—Dobler's score at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 9 to 14, where he won the 72-hour O'Leary belt and championship, was 414 miles. 2. It was the best performance on record. 3. Dobler covered 78 miles the first 12 hours.

W. M., Omaha, Neb.—1. Ma. Langham beat Tom Sayers at Lakenheath, England, on October 1853. 2. The yacht the Breeze, of Virginia, and the Mewsona, of New York, sailed 41 miles at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, July 27, 1854, f.r. \$10,000, and the Breeze won.

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J. W. B., Boston, Mass.—1. Trickett and Hanlan row on November 15 for the single-skull championship of the world. 2. Elias C. Laycock is a native of Sidney, New South Wales. He is thirty-three years of age, stands 6 feet 2 inches, and weighs about 12st. 10lb. His principal performances of which we have any note are as follows:

At the Grafton Regatta, October, 1874, the prize being £200, finished third behind Rush and Trickett, but in the front of Dick Greene and another: rowed second to Trickett in the Balmain Regatta, November, 1874, there being two other starters; defeated Rush and Solomon at the Grafton Regatta in May, 1875, in a race for a prize of £50; defeated by Trickett in a match for £200 in September, 1875, over the Champion Course: rowed a fine race, but came in second, for £25 prize against Trickett at the Balmain Regatta, in November, 1875, there being two other starters: rowed a match in light skiffs against Solomon for £50 a side, but the stakes were drawn on account of a foul: was again second to Trickett for a £12 prize at the Anniversary Regatta, January, 1877; won £20 prize at the Balmain Regatta, November, 1877, and in July, 1878: rowed

a match for £30 a side against Solomon, in heavy boats, and won easily. On September 14, 1878, Laycock beat C. A. Messenger of Melbourne, for £100 a side, on the old Parramatta River Course. He followed this up by defeating Trickett easily at the Anniversary Regatta, and this led to a match between the pair for £400, which came off in Sidney Harbor, and Trickett won by nearly a quarter of a mile. In a match with Michael Rush (a former champion of South Wales), on April 12, 1879, Laycock came off successful, winning by a length, and this, we believe, was his last race prior to his departure from the Antipodes to England. On October 5, 1880, Laycock easily defeated Thomas Beachman, rowing from Putney to Mortlake, for £200, in 16m. 13s.

All parties hereafter wishing challenges inserted in the National Police Gazette will have to send on a forfeit to insure their earnest intentions. We make this announcement in order to protect challenged and challenger, and to save ourselves unnecessary labor and trouble. Parties desiring to arrange matches can meet at the National Police Gazette office and the Police Gazette in all cases will act as temporary stake holder.

ROSELL BOY claims that 575 miles will win the Astley belt on November 1 to 7. Pegram and Dobler don't think so, and Rosell will find out if he covers 55, Dobler, and perhaps Pegram, will go 576.

DANIEL O'LEARY has opened the betting boom on the Astley belt contest. On his arrival in London, Eng., he accepted a bet of £200 against £100 that Rosell would win the trophy. O'Leary staked the £100, and then offered to bet £100 against £200 that Dobler would beat the best record ever made in a six-day contest. He also offered to bet £200 against £400 that Dobler would beat Rosell.

LUCAS BLACKBURN, the king of the turf, has got the epizooty. He did not start in the Dixie stakes at Baltimore. Many sporting men were anxious to see the great horse travel the same route as Preakness in 1870, when he beat Eclipse and Foster, and, as in succeeding years, Harry Bassett, Hubbard, Tom Bowling, Vandalte, Tom Ochiltree, Vigil, King Faro, Duke of Magenta, and, last day, Monitor.

Look out for the great book "The Champions of the American Prize Ring," which contains the portraits, history and battles of all the great pugilists that have fought for the championship of America from 1816 to the present time. Price 30 cents. Send on orders to R. K. Fox, Publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William street, New York, and the publisher of "Glimpses of Gotham," "Favorites of the Footlights," etc.

At Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I., Oct. 19, the chestnut gelding Billy D. and a running mate trotted against two other teams for a silver tea set valued at \$300. On the third heat—Billy D. had already won the first two—Barnaby's team completed the mi'e with but a single lag on the third quarter, and finished in 2:14¾, beating the best time on record. Ethan Allen and mate had the best record previous to that—viz.: 2:15.

MATT D. GRACE, the ex-champion wrestler, who keeps a sporting house in Houston street, offers to match Mike Donovan, the pugilist, to fight either Ed McGlinchy, of Bridgeport, Conn., or George Cooke, of this city. The condition—the pugilists to fight at catch-weights, according to the rules of the London Prize Ring, with small hard gloves. It is understood that William H. Borst and Ned Mallahan intend to accept the proposition on behalf of George Cooke.

At New York, on Oct. 21, James Quigley, a policeman, and amateur champion of New York State, 1878, and Peter Snyder, champion amateur of Missouri, 1877, 1878 and 1879, wrestled Graeco-Roman, best two in three back falls. The match was for the amateur championship of America and a gold medal of the value of \$100, and a bet of \$500 is said to have been made between Messrs. Patrick Kiellor and H. F. Jacoby, the respective backers of the man. Quigley was the heavier man, weighing 207 pounds, while Snyder scaled only 188 pounds. The struggle was long and obstinate, and, while affording an exceptionally fine exhibition of courage and endurance, showed both athletes to be lacking somewhat in the fitness necessary to stamp them as wrestlers of the first class. Snyder won, winning the first fall in 56 minutes, and the second in 1 hour and 9 minutes.

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AMUSEMENTS.

PAULINE MARKHAM'S Boudoir. Illustrated in FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. Price 33c., by Mail. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, 183 William street, N. Y. The handsomest book in America.

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GEORGIAN'S New Summer Garden. Free and Easy, No. 16 Bowery. Sparring and Wrestling every evening. Ales, Wines, Liquors and Sodas. Admission FREE.

TALMAGE at the Dance Houses. Full-page illustration in 3d edition "Glimpses of Gotham;" by mail, 28c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MINNIE PALMER. For portrait and biography of this famous actress, buy FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. Sent on receipt of 33c. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

A N Unusual Record.—The life of Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., was saved by the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which now bears his name. What this wonderful remedy has done for him it has done for thousands, and we believe, will continue to do so for those afflicted with kidney, liver or urinary troubles of any kind. If any reader has any organic trouble, this remedy will prove "a friend in need."

DETER DWYER, again in the field, will assist the SCHIVERA BROTHERS in their Gospel temperance work Frankin Hall, Third av., cor. of 18th st., South Brooklyn, every Sunday at 3:30; Mr. BYRON L. FOX will preside at the organ; take Court st. or Third av. cars; seats free. No collections.

MABEL SANTLEY. in Beautiful Fancy Stage Costume, in FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES. Price by mail, 33c. Sold everywhere.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF—if you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair and send 35c. money or 40c. postage stamps to W. Fox, Box 33, Fultonville, N. Y.

THE DYING BURGLAR. Illustrated in 3d edition of "GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM," to be had at all news stands. By mail, 28c.

GENUINE French Transparent Playing Cards, each card contains a rich, rare and spicy scene visible only when held to the light. Warranted to suit. Full playing deck of 52 cards sent by mail for 50 cents, prepaid. Stamps taken. J. PATRICK, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

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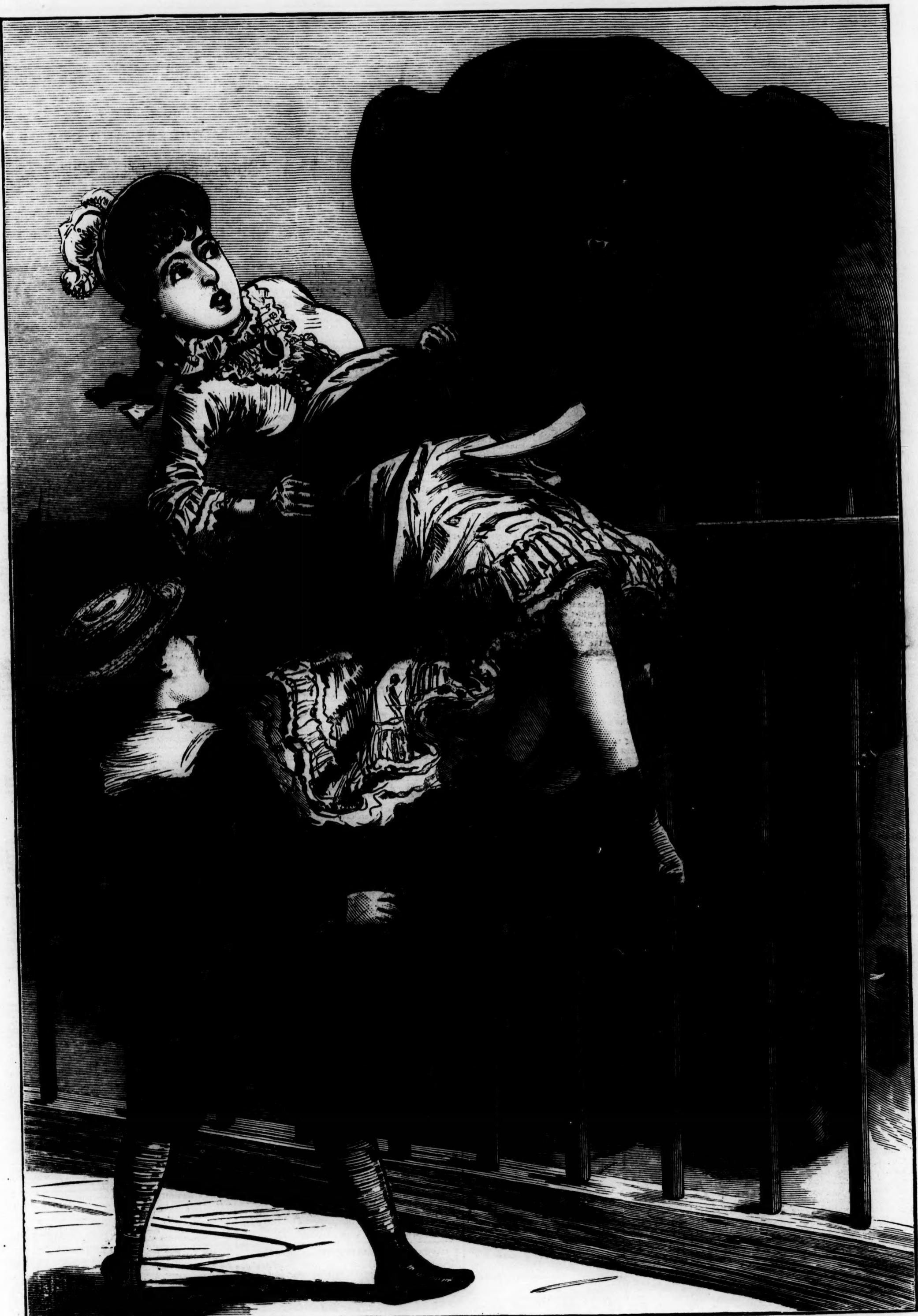
LYNNCH'S Diamond Store, 925 Broadway, near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cat's Eyes, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Send for Catalogue.

THE TEASER. for ladies only, 10 cents. The Tickler, 10 cents. The Exterminator, 10 cents. Send 30c. in silver, or 35c. in stamps, 100,000 to be sold. P. MARTIN, Box 547, Baltimore, Md.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit \$66 free. Address H. HALLER & CO., Portland, Maine.

PULLING A DISORDERLY HOUSE. Graphically told in the Third Edition of "Glimpses of Gotham." For sale by all newsdealers and book sellers. Price by mail, 28c. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

\$72 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly



A BELLE'S EXCITING ADVENTURE—AN ATTEMPT TO PACK A PRECIOUS BUNDLE IN A SMALL TRUNK.